

*John Wheeler*  
*A New Court*

# ESSAY

Towards the

## THEORY

OF THE

## Intelligible World.

Intuitively Considered.

Designed for Forty-nine Parts.

### PART III.

Consisting of a Preface, a Post-script, and a  
little something between.

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By GABRIEL JOHN.

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Enriched with a Faithful Account of his Ideal Voyage  
and Illustrated with Poems by several Hands, as  
likewise with other strange things not insufferably  
Clever, nor furiously to the Purpose.

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*Especially Second Edition.*

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*Θίω, θάω μάρναι. Why  
Should all the ~~world~~ be mad but I?  
You that are wise, tell me why.*

Tribues HIS temporis quantum poteris,  
Poteris autem quantum voles. *Tully's Office.*

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Printed in the Year One Thousand Seven  
Hundred, &c.

THE ASSAY

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other of my particular Friends; especially upon my self, to manifest the Great Respect I bear to that worthy Person, the dearest to me of all the World; and who seems to entertain infinitely the highest Opinion of my Merits, either from a particular Kindness, or, as I, in Gratitude, rather ought to believe, from a singular Excellence of Judgment.

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LI.

Something which you may call either a Postscript or a Preface, according to the Humour you are in.

*Adver-*

## Advertisement.

**T**HAT no Reader may complain of the least Obscurity in any part of the following Papers, Mr. *Norris* his own Words shall be transcribed, to shew what he means by that *Intelligible World*, which is here made the Ground of a Satyrical Fable. In his first Volume, between the 8<sup>th</sup> and the 13<sup>th</sup> Pages, we have this Account of it.

8. By the *Ideal* State of things, I mean that State of them which is necessary, permanent and immutable, not only antecedent and præexistent to this, but also exemplary and representative of it, as containing in it eminently and after an intelligible Manner, all that is in this Natural World, according to which it was made, and in Conformity

B

to

What follows, to the 8<sup>th</sup> page, taken of the Fifth Vol. of the *Ideal Theory*.

to which all the Truth, Reality, Order, Beauty and Perfection of its Nature does consist, and is to be measured. The System of things existing after this manner, is what we call the *Ideal World*, which is not a contingent, temporary, mutable thing, as this, but a self-existing, eternal, necessary and immutable Nature, really simple and one, but yet virtually and eminently multiform and various, and by its multiform Variety having in it the Reasons, Essences and Specifick Natures of all things, that is, such Degrees of Being and Perfection as answer to them, and are intelligibly expressive of them, and whereof all things in the Natural World are but as the Prints and Impressions, I might say, the *Shadows*. In sho. ., by the *Ideal World* I understand that World which is *Intelligibly* what this is *Sensibly*, the eternal Model and Exemplar of all created Essence, distinctly exhibitiv of all that is or can ever be, and so the Measure and Standard, not only of what actually is, but of the whole Possibility of Being.

9. This is our *Ideal* World, the  
 ΚΟΣΜΟΣ <sup>τοῦτος</sup> so much celebrated by  
*Plotinus* and *Philo* in his *Cosmopara*, the  
 first intelligible World, the World that  
 truly is, and the World of Truth, the great  
 Type and Mould of external Nature, and  
 the measure of the things that are. The  
 only eternal, stable and immutable  
 World, that existed before the Almighty  
*Fiat* was issued forth for the Production  
 of this, and would remain unshaken  
 if it were reduced to nothing, that was  
 before the Foundations of the Earth  
 were laid, nay even before there were  
 any morning Stars that might sing to-  
 gether, or any Sons of God to shout for  
 Joy, *Job* 38. This is the World of  
 Original and Essential Beauty, where  
 Order it self, and very Reason and Pro-  
 portion dwell, that never had a Chaos,  
 and knows no black Intervals of Night,  
 but where 'tis ever Light and Day, and  
 where Truth shines pure and without a  
 Cloud. A World simple in its Variety,  
 and various in its Simplicity, infinite in  
 its Store and Fulness, and stored with  
 incorruptible and unfading Treasures,

universal in its Presence, and uncircumscrib'd by any Limit of Time or Place. The genuine Country of Truth, and its proper native Soil, the Place of Spirits, the living and ever springing Fountain of Intelligence, and the great Academy of all Arts and Sciences. Where those solid Realities, and substantial Entities perpetually flourish and shine, whereof we have here only the faint Reflections, and in Comparison of which this material World is but a Phantom or a Shadow. Where all is Youth and Pleasure, Life and Joy, Essence and Flower, where happy Spirits drink of the Wine that Wisdom its self has mingled, and are fed with immortal Truth. *Who so is Simple, let him turn in hither, Prov. 9.*

10. But tho' very great and glorious Things may be spoken of thee, O thou City of God! yet how little art thou known, and how much less art thou in the Thoughts and Minds of Men! Plunged as they are in a Life of Sense they are ignorant of thee, Thou first and only Intelligible, and immers'd as they are in a Body of Flesh, they seldom think



think of thee who art all *Spirit* and *Truth*, and that tho' thou shinest into their very Eyes, and they see continually by thy Light. Thou makest their Day, and thou thy self art the only thing that is not seen by it. They take the Shadows of this Natural World for most real and solid things, and thy most substantial Realities they look upon as Shadows and *Visionary* Chimera's, and all Discourse about thee, (tho' never so Rational) as but extravagant and delirious Talking, or at best but as Notional Romancing, pure Metaphysical *Reverie*, a Subtilising upon a fine nothing. They are indeed united to thee by their Souls, but by their Bodies to this Sensible World, and as their Bodies are to them their principal Selves, this latter Alliance makes them insensible of the Former. Thou art nearer to them than this World is, nay than their very Bodies are, and yet they are far distant from thee, meer Aliens to thee, and so utterly insensible of thee, that they will hardly believe that thou art. If any mention be made of thy Name the amazed Vulgar stare,

and the Learned gravely *smile*, and if the Discourse be any whit long, they *sleep*. But if they continue awake, they sleep however to *thee*. Tho' they were cast in thy Mould, and form'd upon thy Model, yet (ungrateful Stupidity) they seldom or never mind their Original, nor look up to the *Rock* from whence they were *hewn*. But had Men but one clear and distinct View of thy rich intellectual Scene, could we but draw the Curtain of our Mortality so far, as but once to see thee as thou art, we should be so transported and ravish'd with thy Divine Beauty, so enamour'd of thy glorious System, all shining with the very Essence of Being, and full of *Grace* and *Truth*, that we should lose not only all Value for this Sensible World, but even *Sense* it self too, and pass along in the Croud and Throng of Creatures, without any Notice or Perception of them, all fix'd and intent upon thy more engaging Views, not minding the Bodies we see, nor feeling those we touch. We should in a manner be dead to this sensible World, and alive only to thee.

11. This

11. This great intellectual System is by some term'd the *Ideal*, by some the *Intelligible*, and by some the *Archetypal World*, which are but so many relative Appellations for the same thing, to distinguish it according to so many different respects it carries to the System of created Beings, which accordingly is sometimes call'd the *Natural*, sometimes the *Sensible*, and sometimes the *Ættypal World*. It ought to be farther observ'd here, that when we say the *Intelligible World*, the meaning is not as if it did exist only in our Conception, and had no real Being out of it, after the manner of an *Ens Rationis*, but 'tis therefore so call'd, partly because 'tis the first and only proper *Intelligible*, the sole and immediate Object of all our intellectual Views, and that which exactly speaking is the very thing we always understand and reason about. And partly because 'tis a Word of a Nature purely spiritual and intellectual, and such as is not *Sensible*, but *Intelligible* only, and partly again because 'tis a World of a conceivable Being and Existence, and such indeed

deed as we cannot but conceive to be, not subjected indeed to the perusal and examination of our bodily Senses, but as certain and as really and truly present to our Understanding, as this Natural World is to our Sense. But chiefly is it so call'd because it is the *Idea* of this Sensible World, as being truly representative and expressive of it to the Understanding. For the Idea of a thing is intelligibly that thing, and as the Idea of a Circle is call'd an intelligible Circle, or the Idea of a Square an intelligible Square, because they express these things to our Thoughts, so in like manner the Idea of the World, or if you will, those Ideas which answer to the several Beings whereof it consists, may very reasonably and fitly be call'd the *Intelligible World*. Thus far the Theorist.

Had not this Philosophy come from so excellent a Person, I should have used more Freedom in exposing it than I have done; but as Mr. Norris is the Author, I would not have allow'd my self so much, did I think it could lessen any  
Man's

Man's Esteem of his Character and Deserts. However to countenance my own Reflections upon this Subject, I shall set down the Sentiments of some other Persons, who are allow'd to be good Authors in their several Kinds. And now I assure the Reader, that there is nothing in the Book so hard to understand as this Advertisement it self, especially considering the first Quotation is to be in *Latine*.

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# TESTIMONIA

DE

*Mundo Intelligibili.*

Eraſmus in Moria Encomio.

**Q**UID interesse cenſetis, inter eos, qui in ſpecu Platonico variarum rerum umbras & ſimulacra demirentur, modo nihil deſiderent, neque minus ſibi placeant, & ſapientem, qui ſpecum egreſſus, veras res aſpicit.

*li*

*Si cum nihil omnino sciant, tamen omnia se scire profitentur; cumque se ipsos ignorent, neque fossam aliquoties aut saxum obvium videant, vel quia lippiunt plerique, vel quia peregrinantur animi, tamen Ideas universales, formas separatas, primas materias, quidditates, formalitates, instantia videre se predicant, res adeo tennes, ut neque Lynceus, opinor, possit perspicere.*

*Sunt innumerabiles λεπτολογίαι de formalitatibus, de quidditatibus, haecceitatibus, quas nemo possit oculis assequi, nisi tam Lynceus, ut ea quoque per altissimas tenebras videat, quae nusquam sunt.*

*Out of Mr. Baker's Reflections upon Learning.*

**I**T is not every one that is capable of understanding Metaphysical Truths, and there are yet fewer that understand their use. They are usually  
*Chap. IX. Page 98.* under the Conduct of subtle Men, and these nice Professors, instead of resolving Doubts, have spun out new Difficulties, and fram'd Labyrinths out of which they have scarce been able to disentangle themselves: So that *Metaphysicks,*

*physicks*, which were at first only *Natural Theology*, are now become the most artificial thing in the World.

One need only dip into any System, to see how these Men are plung'd in setting out, for whereas there are two things of principal Consideration in *Metaphysical Knowledge*, its *Objects* and *Affections*, and whereas Philosophers are pretty well agreed about the Object of other Sciences, as that Quantity is the Object of *Mathematicks*; and Matter of *Physicks*; and so of the rest; the *Metaphysicians* have not come to any tolerable Agreement about the Object of this Science, or *Sapience*, or what you will call it: *Suarez* produceth six different Opinions, and himself brings the seventh, which is his own. And as to its Affections, they are again at a plunge to find out Affections different from *Being* (which seems to comprehend every thing) for if the *Affections* and *Subject* are the same, their Demonstrations are Identical, and prove nothing.

If any Man could have understood *Aristotle*, *Avicen* had the best Plea, who  
was

was as subtle a Philosopher, and studied him as much as perhaps any Man ever did; and yet after he had read his *Metaphysicks* forty times over, and had them all by heart (which I will venture to say is more than ever any Man will do again) he was forced to lay him aside as unintelligible.

I must rank *Malebranch* in the same Order with Mr. *Poirot*, whose *Recherche* has furnished out such refin'd and abstracted *Metaphysicks*, as if they were design'd for Comprehensors; he has exalted *Ideas* to their utmost Height, and because they bore not with them Certainty enough, whilst they were barely Operations of the Mind, or Representations from external Objects, he has placed them in a Subject that cannot err, to wit, in the Wisdom of God himself, whom having suppos'd to be the place of Spirits, as Space is of Bodies, and that there is an intimate Union betwixt God and the Soul of Man, by attending to him, who is always presential to our Minds, we are to see all things



in this Ideal or Intelligible World (a). Now tho' there

(a) *Rech. L. 3.*

*Par 2. Sect. 6.*

can be no doubt, but God can lead us into all Truth, by displaying himself to us, and perhaps may deal thus with us when we are in Heaven, yet this way seems too supernatural whilst on Earth, and too clear for weak and frail Men, who are yet to know by Vision; and is withal so like the inward Light of a new Sect of Men, as not to make it over reputable: To which purpose it is very remarkable, that *Malebranche's* Opinion having been espoused of late, by an ingenious Person of our own, with all the Advantages of Beauty of Style and Perspicuity of Expression, yet the Men of new Light have taken such hold of it, as to make it necessary for him to write an Apology to disengage himself from the *Quakers*, who would needs have it thought they had gain'd a Profelyte (b): Wherein tho' he has distinguish'd himself from these People, yet thus much he owns, That if the

(b) *vid. Cond.*

*of Hum. Life,*

*page 183.*

*Quakers* understood their own Notion,

C

and

and knew how to explain it, and into what Principles to resolve it, it would not very much differ from his.

*Out of Hudibras.*

*Of Sir HUDIBRAS.*

**H**IS Notions fitted things so well,  
That which was which he could not tell;  
And oftentimes mistook the one  
For t'other, *as Great Clerks have done.*  
He could reduce them all to *Acts,*  
And knew their Nature by Abstracts.  
He knew *What's what,* and that's as high  
As *Metaphysick* Wit can fly.  
In School Divinity as able  
As he that hight Irrefragable;  
A second *Thomas,* or at once  
To name them all, another *Duns.*  
Profound in all the *Nominal,*  
And *Real* Ways, beyond them all,  
For he a *Rope of Sand* could twist,  
As tough as Learned *Sorbonist.*  
And weave *fine Cobwebs,* fit for Scull  
That's *Empty* when the *Moon* is Full;  
Such as take Lodgings in a Head,  
That's to be let Unfurnished.

Deep

Deep sighted in *Intelligences*  
*Ideas*, Atoms, Influences;  
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
 Th' *Intelligible World* could say;  
 A deep Occult Philosopher,  
 And learned as the *Wild Irish* are,  
 Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound,  
 And solid Lying, much renown'd.  
 In *Rosy-Crucian Love* as learned  
 As he that *verè Adeptus* earned.  
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,  
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water.  
 Of Sovereign Power to make Men wise;  
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest Night,  
 Like Owls, tho' purblind in the Light.  
 By help of these (as he profess'd)  
 He had *first Matter* seen Undrest:  
 He took her naked all alone,  
 Before one Rag of *Form* was on.  
 So th' ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch  
 With fierce Dispute maintain'd their  
     Church,  
 Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,  
 To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;  
 That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,  
 Made *Good* with stout polemick Brawl.

*Of STDROPHEL the Conjuror.*

THE Intelligible World he knew,  
 And all Men dream on't, to be true:  
 That in this World there's not a Wart  
 That has not there a Counterpart;  
 Nor can there on the Face of Ground  
 An Individual Beard be found,  
 That has not in that foreign Nation  
 A Fellow of the self-same Fashion;  
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
 As those in the inferior World.

The Intelligible World, saith *Hudibras*  
 his Annotator, is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*,  
 or *Psittacorum Regio*, discover'd only by  
 the Philosophers, of which they talk,  
 like Parrots, what they do not under-  
 stand. No Nation in the World is more  
 addicted to this occult Philosophy than  
 the wild *Irish*. Upon this Distick

*Where Truth in Person does appear,  
 Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air,  
 he has these Notes.*

Some

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those Notions or Images of things (in the Understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature.

Some report that in *Nova Zembla*; and *Greenland*, Men's Words are wont to be frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

### De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

*D*icite sacrorum praesides nemorum deae,  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quaque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Aeternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,  
 Caelique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Aeternus, incorruptus, aequus polo,  
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innuba  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;

Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimùmque terris incolit Luna globum:  
 Sive inter animas corpus aditurus sedens  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:  
 Siue in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
 Atlante major portitore syderum.  
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit  
 Dircaus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem,  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus  
 (Hac monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)  
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

SECT.

## SECT. II.

*Of Prefaces.**Learned Reader,*

WHEN you have settled your grand Affair with Mr. Stationer concerning the Purchase of this Golden Manual, you are desired to receive a modest Address from the Author. Something must be said to a Person of your Character and Office, towards rendering him *attent and docile*, especially where the subject Matters are profound and intricate, as well as important; and some Civilities must needs pass between Author and Reader, towards introducing a better Acquaintance, before they proceed to their main Business. It must indeed be own'd, that many Readers of great Candor and Judgment, being endued with a mighty timorous Constitution, can never enter upon a Preface, Introduction, or *Apparatus* without the utmost Circumspection, and very great

Un-

Uneasiness, lest in every Line some fly  
 thing should be lurking to circumvent  
 their Judgments. Now I am willing to  
 do all I can towards easing their Minds  
 of such Jealousies, and therefore assure  
 those Faint-hearted Gentlemen, upon  
 the Word of an honest Author, (if an  
 Author can be honest in these times) that  
 they may boldly and safely venture thro',  
 even to the Catastrophe, nay the very  
 Peroration or final Period of All. The  
 only thing to be apprehended, is that by  
 too great Precipitancy, many Graces of  
 Composition may escape notice; much  
 Watchfulness and Advertency of thought  
 being necessary to discern them all, as  
 you go on, where they are strowed so  
 thick in your way. For, tho' I have  
 clothed this Body of Philosophy in the  
 most proper and pellucid Dress, yet the  
 Beauties of it are too Fine to be easily  
 distinguished at first View, as they are  
 too Dazling to be long contemplated.  
 There is also a vigorous Spirit pervading  
 the Whole, and pregnant with Senti-  
 ments of a surprizing Nature, being  
 either wonderfully *Sublime*, or vastly  
 Pro-



*Profound*, but generally both; which shews how mighty a *Capacity* is required to *comprehend* them. However, there is nothing to trepan any inadvertent Reader, nor the least Design upon him, but what is purely and solely for his own Good. Alas, I am so far from drawing up a subtle Harangue to bespeak your good Will, or prepossess you in Favour of an idle, unorthodox, or injudicious Book, that I am fully resolved to make this very Preface almost as valuable as the Book it self, and perhaps twice as long. Nay I can witness this for my self, that I have had much Debate in my own Thoughts which would serve best for the Book, and which should stand for the Preface; whether it agrees with the Rules of Grammar, or of Heraldry, that the Book should be accounted the *more Worthy*, or the *more Honourable*, of the Two. Due Examination being had, and all Arguments weigh'd on both sides, I could not in Equity, but give it for the Preface; as well because, by the universal Consent of Nations, it was always allow'd the Precedence, as because the

Book

Book has no other Office but that of filling up a Gap in the Middle, when it happens that a few useless Inter-leaves may be spar'd from the Introduction and the Index. This shows us what a strange Absurdity our modern Innovators have run into, who bring in the Book before

*See the Treatise in Praise of the Gout.*

their Chief Preface, or which is all one, put off what was promised in the Title-page, till the Candid Reader begins to grow impatient; for who can bear to see things so preposterously disposed, that all the principal Matters, which have an undoubted Right to be admitted in the Preface, should violently be kept out, and reserv'd to make up a pitiful Appendage, that is appointed to come servilely in the Rear of it: as if the Head should be forced to change place with the Belly, or the Brains thrust down to take their Seat in the lower Region.

SECT.

## S E C T. III.

*Of the great Importance of this Theory,  
and the Applause it has been receiv'd  
with. Of the Author's Loyalty, Honest  
Designs and Eminent Poverty.*

EVERY sagacious Person must needs be sensible, how much it imports the High-lands of Scotland, the Dominion of Wales, and the Town of Berwick upon Tweed, to procure a right understanding of this noble Subject I have undertaken to expound. As for my own Performance, tho' I have promised to insinuate nothing that may any way Bias the Reader's Judgment, yet this I may fairly say, that, such as it is, it has been very kindly entertained in the Places above-mentioned; neither is any modern Treatise of Philosophy, except the two incomparable Works of Father Malebranche and Mr. Aſgyl, so much enquired after, studied and admired in all the Intelligible World, which is most concerned in it,  
and

and best understands its worth. It has already been translated into all the Ideal Languages with great and faithful Exactness, in each of which it has sold off near twenty Editions. Nay, such a peculiar Disposition of reserved, private and modest Liberality appears in some Noble and Refined Spirits, that the Author has been surprized with several imaginary Presents, tho' he could never find out any one Donor, by all the flattering Designs and cunning Projects that he could contrive. Some of these Bounties were very considerable, being larger Sums than he had ever been Master of, or could now have expected. Hereby to his great Satisfaction, he is grown strangely enriched in Idea, all of a sudden; and has happily attained the great Ends of all his Study, having ever laboured to do some publick Service to the World, and withal to get a Penny for his own private Use. Till now, he never succeeded to his Wish, nor was Fortune ever so kind to bestow upon him, either a Pension, or any thing of that nature, suitable to his Deserts, and the Greatness of his

his Spirit. Neither did it avail him any thing to have been a Person of unshaken Virtue and Loyalty, which he must be acknowledged to have approved himself upon all Occasions. This indeed is the more *Remarkable* in him, as having formerly been known a *Furious Jacobite*, and continuing at present a *Furious Republican*, and a *Furious Preacher of Scotch Moderation*, having some time ago learnt, and settled in his Heart many a good and useful Doctrine, among which this is laid down for a Fundamental, That since by the unanimous Confession of experienced Statesmen and Casuists, Time is the only thing which brings about all our good Fortune, and is consequently our best Friend and Benefactor, we are manifestly engaged by Gratitude and Generosity to be true to it, and never shrink from *serving* it to the best of our Power, in any the worst Circumstances, or Revolutions of Condition it can fall into.

D

SECT.

## S E C T. IV.

*The great Use of Defamation and Flattery,  
when wisely administer'd. The Author's  
ill Success therein.*

**H**AVING observed that small Advantage accrues from praising Men of Honour and Integrity, or censuring of Knaves, I formerly resolv'd upon the contrary Method of bestowing Satyrs upon all that are loyal and vertuous, and Panegyricks upon 'tother sort of good People. But in both kinds I found some of my Betters so expert, that I could not hope to find my accounts, or make any Figure in either. The first Essay I made of my Faculty was at *Nando's* Coffee-house, where, not considering who lolled at my Elbow, I ventured to let fly half a dozen strong Lies against Arch-Bishop *Laud*, together with a smooth Sentence in Defence of Trimming; and what should I find in Print within a Week, but these very Products of my

OWN

own Impudence; the former display'd in the Observator with ample Improvements, and the latter set down in Dr. *Davenant's* Essay upon the Versatility of his own Soul, and not without a formal *Allusion* to *Tacitus*. These are all to be seen still in my Common-place-Book, and any Gentleman that pleases may command the Sight. I resent'd this Affair, as very unkind Usage from my Brother *Touchin*, tho' I would not take so much notice of Dr. *D—nt's* little Theft, because he was then as it were a Stranger, and but newly come over to our Party.

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*A Section.*

**M**Y next Project was to beg a small Estate of the Muses; in Hopes of whose Favour, I made them daily Libations of liquid Jett, and sacrificed to their Deities, each Year, a hundred Reams of Paper. The Reader will see that my Oblations have not been quite in vain, if among all the Poems in this Volume, he can discover which

are my own: and I don't in the least  
mistrust a Person of his *singular*, and so  
well known *Humanity*, but that he will  
vouchsafe to Father upon his humble  
Servant the most deformed Pieces that,  
with great Diligence, he shall be able to  
cull out.

*Pope Joan's Kissing-Dance.*

B A L L A D.

I.

**A**LL you that do to Love belong,  
Mind what my Tale discovers,  
And listen well to this new Song,  
A strange Rondeau of Lovers.

II.

There were eight Lads so Blith and Gay,  
That loved seven Buxom Lasses;  
But that's untoward alack-a-day,  
When each his Love misplaces.

III.

Young *Roger* made a Vow (de'e see?)  
To be a Spark of *Lucy's*;  
But *Lucy* longed the Spouse to be  
Of *Joseph*, that so spruce is.

IV



## IV.

Now *Nan* had won the Love of *Joseph*,  
His Heart, and eke his Fancy;  
He'd be content to lose his Nose, if  
He could but gain his *Nancy*.

## V.

*Nan* cut her Heart in two, to share it  
'Twixt *Marmaduke* and *Aaron*;  
Both likely Lads, quoth she, I'll swear it,  
As Maids need with to stare on.

## VI.

Both *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* courted  
*Kate*, Daughter to a Prick-louse,  
Tho' *Katern* with her Suitors sported,  
For her Sweet-heart was *Nicolas*.

## VII.

This *Nicolas* woo'd young *Joan*, who ne'er  
With such a Spark would take-up,  
For *Joan*, as sure as you are there,  
Had a Month's Mind to *Jacob*.

## VIII.

Poor *Jacob* made a woful Stir  
To compass nut-brown *Lettrice*,  
And failed with much adoe, for her  
Affections never mer his.

IX.

*Lettice* likewise her Love was crost in,  
(Fate order'd it should so be)  
For once in vain she courted *Austin*,  
And now in vain woo's *Toby*.

X.

What Maid would wish to be in her Case?  
For *Toby* she's so fond on,  
Run almost mad for little *Dorcas*,  
That newly came from *London*.

XI.

Whereas she purely came to visit  
Her Fellow-servant *Edward*,  
To see his pretty Face, and kiss it,  
And gladly would go bed-ward.

XII.

While *Ned* his little *Dorcas* answer'd,  
For loving I don't blame ye,  
'Cause you may take an honest Man's  
Word,  
That I as much love *Amy*.

XIII.

[See Stanza 3.]

*Amy* so passing fair to look on,  
 And slender to behold,  
 Cry'd till her Heart was almost broken,  
 She would be *Roger's* Consort.

*This Passage seems to have been corrupted, as may be gather'd from the last Line, in which the Ryme is something stiff and harsh, not coming up to that Easiness of Sound which is found in other Parts of the Poem. This Difficulty is evaded by the ingenious Conjecture of Joseph Scaliger, who is therein universally followed by the Criticks, having restored the Text by this Correction.*

*Amy*, belike, so stay'd a Body,  
 (You'd say so had you seen her)  
 Doated on *Roger* So-Adod I  
 Should ne'er a' thought 'twas in her.

## XIV.

These People good, in saddest Mood,  
 With Love grown woundy stupid,  
 Made piteous Complaints, and told their  
 wants

To *Hymen* and to *Cupid*.

## XV.

XV.

Fain would they wed in Ring so round,  
Eight Husbands and seven Wives ;  
And doubtless they must needs have  
found  
Great Comfort of their Lives.

XVI.

But 'twas a puzzling Case to *Hymen* ;  
O strange ! said he, 'twill work ill,  
For I've no Licences to tie Men,  
And Maids in such a Circle.

XVII.

He bid them be, as 'twas but right,  
Content with this Expedient,  
To kiss all round, for so all might  
Have Kissing, that had need on't.

XVIII.

[See Stanza 3.]

Young Roger should begin the Play,  
The rest were, in their Season,  
To put it round in friendly way,  
And do each other Reason.

## XIX.

So *Roger* tall did *Lucy* call,  
 Quoth he, I'll not abuse ye;  
 Good sooth it would have done one Good  
 To see him kifs sweet *Lucy*.

## XX.

Then *Lucy* fair demands her Share  
 Of her dear Sweet-heart *Jossey*,  
 And kifs'd him so, all People know  
 They both grew wondrous *Rosie*.

## XXI.

[See Stanza 4.]

Next *Joe* did greet his *Nan*, as sweet  
 A Damsel as you can see;  
*Nan* for this Youth made up her Mouth,  
 So *Joseph* kifs'd his *Nancy*.

## XXII.

[See Stanza 5.]

(plain,

Her Sparks were twain, and that being  
 Some said that she might spare one;  
 She by her Troth, cry'd, none or both,  
 And kifs'd one more than *Aaron*.

XXIII.

XXIII.

[See Stanza 6.]

Then *Marmadoke* and *Aaron* broke  
Their Minds to *Kate* the Slattern;  
Kind *Kate* held out her dainty Snout,  
And O how they kiss'd *Katern*!

XXIV.

O *Nicolas*, *Nicolas*, where's my *Nic* laid?  
Quoth *Kate* the Taylor's Daughter,  
And kiss'd, and was with Joy so tickled,  
She scarce could hold her Water.

XXV.

[See Stanza 7.]

*Nic* run to *Joan*, that had no Stays on,  
But look'd as red as Claret,  
And kiss'd her so, that 'twould amaze one  
How any Maid could bear it.

XXVI.

*Joan* flew at *Jacob* most outrageous,  
And kiss'd, and call'd him Sweeting;  
Could he have bleated, as *Cinque-trey* does,  
Uds-bobs, she'd stop his Bleating.

XXVII.

[ 35 ]

XXVII.

[See Stanza 8.]

O *Lettice*, then quoth *Jacob* stout,  
On thy true Love take pity ;  
She bid him kifs his Kissing out,  
Because he was so witty.

XXVIII.

[See Stanza 9.]

But *Lettice* call'd aloud for *Toby*,  
As one would call for Mustard ;  
He fain would give fair *Lett* the Go-by,  
But *Lettice* kifs'd him first hard.

XXIX.

[See Stanza 10.]

'Tis strange to tell, or to declare,  
How *Toby* simpered,  
When he got *Dorcas* his own Dear,  
And kist her quite half dead.

XXX.

[See Stanza 11.]

*Dorcas*, she leer'd on *Ned*, right wistful,  
And kifs'd him all to Pieces,  
So fired, that were she but a Pistol,  
She had gone off in Face his.

XXXI.

## XXXI.

[ See Stanza 12. ]

Sir *Edward* made her no Repartee,  
 Tho' he was kiss'd so Fashion,  
 As knowing well, by Rules of Art, she  
 Had done it in her Passion.

## XXXII. .

And then himself was passionate too  
 Of *Amy*, Queen of Spinsters;  
 He threw his Wig off, and his Hat too,  
 And run his Face ag'inst hers.

## XXXIII.

He tows'd her with his Beard, so Bushy  
 'Twas far and near admired,  
 And tore her Coife quite off, altho' she  
 Had scarce wherewith to tie her Head.

## XXXIV.

Poor Folks may be, most sartinlee,  
 In Love as well as Ladies,  
 And kiss as well, for ought I can tell,  
 As they with all their Gayities.

## XXXV.



## XXXV.

[See Stanza 13.]

Amy ne'er let a Sweet-heart dodge her,  
 But killed like any Widow,  
 And stifled Roger, tho' poor Roger  
 Loved her no more than I do.

## XXXVI.

Thus finely they all danced the Hay,  
 Or the best Boy of Mother;  
 The Jest went round, & none were found  
 That would not pledge the other.

## XXXVII.

At length they clos'd, and whisk'd about,  
 As those that Margery-Cree dance,  
 Or like to Folk quite wearied out,  
 Who fain would make good Riddance.

## XXXVIII.

Yet loth to give it o'er, they cry'd,  
 How cursed fast the Day stirs!  
 Tho' before Night, or they're bely'd,  
 Their Lips all needed Plaisters.

E

## XXXIX.

## XXXIX.

There ne'er was known, in all the Town,  
 Such Kissing as this same was ;  
 Yet, keeping Lent (as is Decent)  
 Pray who, quo' they, can blame us?

## XL.

For since (as *Hymen* told them plain)  
 Tho' they most grievously burn,  
 The Wedding-Noose will ne'er contain  
 So many as will *Tyburn*.

## XLI.

They all resolve to live right Honest,  
 And never be upbraided.  
 O that Young Polk were all admonisht  
 To do no worse than they did!

## XLII.

But for all this, they did not miss  
 Each Sunday after Sarmint,  
 To meet and kiss, some more, some less;  
 For Kissing has no Harm in't.

*There is a different Reading of this  
 Stanza in the Vatican Manuscript, where  
 it runs thus,*

And yet they loved, as you may guess,  
To do a thing would charm one,  
And kiss a little, more or less;  
For Kissing is no Harm. Mun.

XLIII.

Nor would they fail, for a Dozen of Ale,  
To kiss before the King and  
His Gracious Queen, on *Tutnam Green*,  
Or any Ground in *England*.

XLIV.

Suppose you might see such a Sight,  
As *Cupid* and as I did,  
Where'er you are, I'd almost swear  
You'd not be much affrighted.

*Sic visum est Veneri, cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub iuga aenea*

*Savo mittere cam jdeo*

*Virtus Scipiadæ & mitis sapientia Læli,  
Quando se a valga & scenâ in secreta*

*Remarant.*

*Nagari soliti & Discincti ludere.*

*The Ideal, or Precarious Beauty.*

## S O N G.

## I.

**D**amn'd for ever to complain,  
 Must I court, and court in vain?  
*Phyllis*, let Interest make you kind,  
 If nothing else will do;  
 Should Conceit, which makes you blind,  
 Clear these Eyes and change my Mind,  
 What would your Pride come to?

## II.

Foolish *Phyllis* not to know  
 Where you all these Beauties owe!  
 The wicked Town won't own thee fair,  
 Then thank the Man that will;  
 Beauty you but seem to wear;  
 Beauty's self can scarce compare  
 With Doting Fancy's Skill.

## III.

Fancy paints the Nymph Divine,  
 Thus your very Charms are mine;  
 'Tis Fancy, *Phyllis*, make the Chain,  
 And binds me with the same:  
 But should *Phyllis* slight my Pain,  
 Fancy'd turn me loose again,  
 And spurn the scornful Dame.

## IV.

Beauteous Angel then no more,  
But homely *Phyllis* as before.

Ah—never, no—well then comply,  
Since Fancy all procures:

Do but real Blissess try;

Pay my Fancy with true Joy;

And all the Charms be yours.

*The Good Advice.*

SONG.

Oh be wife and soon comply,  
Thirty and five is coming on;  
Then at your Train, as well as I,  
Will leave Adoring and be gone.

When wrinkled Age deforms the Brow,  
All will deride the wither'd Case,  
The very Glass which flatters now,  
Will call Old Woman to your Face.

Youth is the Parent of Desire,  
And Beauty each Beholder burns,  
But none will set their Hearts on Fire,  
At Flames expiring in their Urns.

The XLII. Ode of *Anacreon*.

*Upon CUPID's Darts.*

Done into *English* by Dr. W——.

AS *Vulcan* at his Anvil stood,  
 Forging Love's Darts, gentle and good,  
 Of Red-hot Steel; which did retain  
 Some Sparks, that use to burn again;  
*Venus* in Honey dipt them all,  
 And Love allay'd the Sweets with Gall.  
 When furious *Mars* return'd from Fight  
 Without a glimm'ring of Delight.  
 No smiling Looks, no unusual Grace  
 Disturb'd the Majesty of his Face.  
 In's dreadful Hand a Spear he bore,  
 The rougher Instrument of War;  
 And laughing took up Love's light Dart,  
 (But little thought it caus'd such Smart)  
 This is, said he, a pretty Toy,  
 A Play-thing fit for such a Boy;  
*Cupid* at length made this Reply,  
 Sir, if you please the Lightness try  
 With that he shot the new-made Arrow  
 Which pierc'd him to the very Marrow,  
 And

And wounded deep : but *Venus* smil'd  
 To see the God of War beguil'd.  
 Who vainly pray'd; hence, hence remove  
 The Dart, I feel enough of Love.  
 No, no, Love cry'd, your Pain enjoy,  
 You know my Arrow's but a Toy.

*The Same,*

IN

Another Translation :

*Some Verses of which the Translator him-  
 self dislikes, but could not for his Life make  
 them better; such was the great Unkindness  
 of his Muse.*

**VULCAN** did once his File employ  
 To point new Darts for *Venus*'s Boy;  
*Mars* in Honey dip't them all,  
 But *Cupid* temper'd it with Gall.  
 Mean-while there came the God of War,  
 Shaking in's Hand a bloody Spear;  
 And laugh'd at *Cupid*'s Tools, too light,  
 And weak to be employ'd in Fight.  
 Here's one, says Love, perhaps you'll find  
 Strong and Heavy to your Mind.

*Mars*

Mars took the Dart with no ill Thought,  
While Venus smiled to see him caught.  
He could not now the Truth deny,  
But owned it Heavy, with a Sigh.  
Here, Love, said he, pray take't away;  
No, no, cry'd Love, you keep it pray!

*Madam Dacier tells us that the Beauty of this Ode transported her Father into a Couple of such Distichs as the Reader will be glad to see.*

Felix, ah nimium felix qui carmine tali,  
 Fluit ab *Aoniæ* vane beata iugis!  
 Quid melius dicat amor, rursus, *idcirco*  
 Et cum *Germanis* Gratia iuncta fuit?

The Translation of which Verse I send  
to my Reader, as a Libreson and a Libreson  
he pleases himself, in the Choice of my Transla-  
tion of the Ode. But Capin remember'd it with  
Mean-while there came the God of War,  
Shaking in's Hand a bloody Spear;  
And laugh'd at Capin's Tools, too light  
And weak to be employ'd in Fight.  
The's one, I say, love, perhaps you'll find  
Among and Heavy to your Mind.



*The Vanity of Riches,*  
Imitated from *ANACREON.*

ἡ ἀνθρώπου ψυχὴ χρυσῷ.

## I.

Could Gold immortalize a Man,  
Or stretch his Days beyond their Span;  
Could it retain our parting Breath;  
Or blunt the pointed Sting of Death;  
I'd cringe, I'd write, I'd fawn, I'd pray,  
All Parties favour, all obey,  
To raise vast Treasures of the precious Clay.

## II.

But since these Toys, these glittering Baits,  
These little Arts, these holy Cheats,  
Since all their Stores will nought avail,  
When drooping Nature once does fail,  
Why this Clutter, why this Pain,  
Why this Sweating all in vain,  
For great Preferments, and a gaudy Train?

## III.

Death makes the Bays, the Robes, the Gown  
To lay their fading Honours down,  
Nor can their Bribes make him relent,  
Or their impending Fate prevent:  
Then since these mighty Men, and I,  
The Rich, the Poor and all must die,  
Why should I heap up Wealth, O, Tell me  
why?

## IV.

No, blooming Garlands round me twine,  
 I'll drink, carouse; the Present's mine.  
 To Wine and Pleasure, come, let's give,  
 The small Remains we have to live;  
 Then left by Sicknes Youth decay,  
 In ceaseless Joys we'll spend away  
 (All over Wine and Love) the Night and  
 Day.

## A S O N E.

**I**mpartial *Chloe* is in hate,  
 Thousands have lov'd, but lov'd in vain:  
 And all have met an equal Fate,  
 Whilst *Chloe* triumphs o're the slain.

I only live, whilst after these  
 So goodly Triumphs of her Eyes,  
 After so many Victories got,  
*Chloe* contemps so poor a Prize.

Nay why should I, my *Chloe*, prove  
 The cruel Force of your Disdain?  
 Why shall so base a Victim fall,  
 And all your former Trophies stain?

Even Pride at length may Kindness work,  
 And Scorn it self preserve a Slave;  
 For whom your Hate disdains to kill,  
 Your Love can do no less than save.

*Advertisement.*

You are to consider that the following Poem was written at *Cambridge*, about Two Months after I had commenced Doctor of Law. The Design of it is to keep up the Spirit and the Reputation of Ryme, now in Danger to be thrust out of the World by some invidious Persons, notwithstanding the Laudable Endeavours of Mr. *Bisbe*, and Mr. *Wy—ly*, to the contrary. I may be bold to say, that my Composition is according to the *Dictionary*, and to the strictest Rules of Poetry; only with this Improvement of the *Poetica Licentia*, That *Euphonia Gratiæ*, or for Rymes sake, I have presum'd to call several things out of their Names, affixing new Significations to some Words of our Language, which were before too barren; be pleas'd therefore to take exact Notice that

Drum

Drum  
Black-Art  
Make a Mansion  
Origine  
Terminus

} Signifies

{ College-Commons.  
Long Vacation.  
Tarry.  
Beginning.  
Term.

This Advertisement being duly consider'd and kept in Mind, you may proceed to the Perusal of the Poem, as it here stands before you, with great Hopes of Satisfaction.

*A Poem upon Raisins and Almonds:*

OR THE

*Passage from Dover to Calais.*

**T**O their Respective Halls few Scholars come,  
Just at this Time, with Teeth to chew their Drum;  
For this Time being the Time of *Black-Art*,  
Most of them all from fair Town-Walls depart;  
Each makes a *Mansion* in his Rural House,  
Until the *Origine* of *Terminus*.  
Now then they come, dropping to Town in Troops,  
As thick as any Mill-Stone is, or Hops.  
If I would tell their Names, I say if I would do't,  
T'ud take up too much Ink, and Paper unto Boot.

*The*

*The Mourning Nymph.*

## S O N G.

## I.

**I**N pity, Fate, let poor *Marcellis* dy,  
 Pale Death shall come in joyous *Hymen's* place;  
 That poor *Marcellis*, and her Swain, may ly  
 In one unrival'd Grave, and cold Embrace.  
 A happy Pair down to the Shades we'll go,  
 And Lover's Pensive Ghosts will give us Joy  
 below.

## II.

Or if in vain to Fate I've pray'd,  
 Yet on my *Damon's* Tomb  
 Death shall find *Marcellis* laid;  
 There I'll lament my Shepherd's Doom.  
 I'll weary Heaven it self with Pray'rs,  
 With Sighs, Complaints, and ceaseless Tears,  
 Till all the Powers above relent,  
 Or I turn Stone, to be his Monument.

## III.

For ever will this wounded Breast  
 My *Damon*, and his mournful Story, bear  
 In deepest Characters imprest;  
 There will his lasting Epitaph appear.  
 For ever his dear, sacred, Dust I'll keep,  
 For ever in my Marble weep.

F

The

## The Same,

Varied by

## Another Hand.

**I**N Pity, Fate, let poor *Flavelia* dye,  
 And grant me, Death, what *Hymen* could deny,  
 Lead me, Dear Monarch, to that blissful place  
 Of one unrival'd Grave and cold Embrace ;  
 Down to thy Realms, a happy Pair, we'll go  
 And discontented Shades shall give us Joy below.  
 If not, a Coarse, on *Damon's* Tomb I'll lye,  
 And weary Heaven, if Hell won't hear my Cry.  
 I'll never, never cease to mourn my Swain,  
 Till stiff with Grief, and stupified with Pain,  
 The kinder Gods shall at the Sight relent,  
 And turn me quite to Stone to build his Monument.  
 Then in this Vault his sweet Remains shall rest,  
 Long, long, enjoy their dear *Flavelia's* Breast,  
 No Poet there shall grave his flattering Song,  
 Nor loud officious Friends lament my Wrong.  
 My Heart, thus chang'd, his old deep Lines shall keep,  
 And ceaseless Streams of Tears the faithful Stone  
 shall weep.

SECT.

## SECT. XXI.

*A Discovery made who the Author is. Something said concerning his Mistress, and the same immediately contradicted.*

'TIS possible I may hardly find Credit among many well-meaning People, when I declare that this *Damon* is no other, than my own self, tho' still alive; but as for *Marcellis*, *aliàs Flavelia*, that appears to be so desperately afflicted for my Death, I must own that she is utterly unknown to me. However, I pity the unfortunate Lady, not doubting but she is a very Lovely and very Worthy Person; for, otherwise, 'tis highly probable she would not be so much concern'd. Whoever the Lady be, in composing this Poem, I design'd that after my Death, which at that time was hourly expected by my Heirs, it should pass in her Name, both for her Honour and my own; as by the Whiningness of it, you may believe it was indited in a melancholick Season. But since my

F 2

happy

happy Recovery, I am taken with a Jealousy, that the said Nymph deals by me disloyally, entertaining my worthless Rival, to her own Dishonour, and my Despair. Therefore I now think it Reason to take to my self the Credit of my own Verses, and make publick my loving Intention of entitling them to *Marcellis*, that the World may see the Justice of my Dealings, and what she has lost by playing me false.

Together with this Ditty I had devis'd an Epitaph for my self, that my Memory might be preserv'd in my own Works; besides that I was unwilling to have *Marcellis* turn her self to Stone on purpose. Now such is the Nature of that kind of Composition, as necessitated my speaking much in my own Commendation, and making a Catalogue of all my extraordinary Endowments. For this reason it might be construed a piece of Immodesty to let it come abroad in my Lifetime, and seems therefore more advisable to reserve it for one of my *postumous* Works. Among these will be found also very particular Memoirs of all, even the very  
 minu-



minuteſt of my Concerns; eſpecially my moſt material Thoughts, which I never yet diſcover'd, and the wiſe Sayings that I chiefly delight in. Of all which I give this publick Adverſement, becauſe it will be a mighty Help to the Learned Perſon, who is to be the Writer of my Life, for whom I always entertain a very particular Reſpect, and therefore bequeath to him the ſaid Journal, not doubting but he will perform according to the Dignity of the Subject, and thereby lay the higheſt Obligation upon Poſterity.

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*A Section following the Former.*

**I**T was well for theſe innocent Verſes here preſent, as likewiſe for me and my happy Reader, that Fate provided for their Security from all the Injuries of inclement Seasons, the hoſtile Invaſions of domeſtick Vermin, and the Rage of devouring Elements; being partly carbonado'd out upon the Walls of my Garret, and partly fumigated upon my

Cieling with a Taper of Sheep's Wax. The single Elegy that treats of Raisins and Almonds, happen'd to remain alive in my *Cerebellum*, having but newly been engender'd there by a wonderful Irradiation from that masculine Muse with which Mr. *Wy—ly* is now Possessed. Had these, or any of these been intrusted to frail Paper, they had certainly been deliver'd over to secular Flames and eternal Oblivion; the same Fate that was undergone by some 'Thousands of their Fellows, altogether as deserving as themselves. That fatal Execution has since cost me a sad Repentance; but it was done in the heat of Passion, and 'tis a Happiness these few were preserv'd for my Comfort. Immediately after the Massacre was committed, I found means to enter my self among a Club of Pamphleteers, which was truly the best regulated Society that I have known, except only some four or five of our Academies. When a Volume of any considerable Figure was in hand, every Man had his particular Province assign'd him, according as he was Gifted.

For

For this excellent Method of Proceed-  
ing the Hint was borrowed from the an-  
cient and famous Corporation of Cy-  
clopes at Bromigham. *Alii*, saith Dr. Plot,  
in his incomparable Natural History of  
*Stafford-shire*,

———— *Taurinis Follibus auras*  
*Accipiunt Redduntq; alii Stridentia tingunt*  
*Era lacu, &c.*————

This *Vulcan* shapes the Hafr, that files the Blade;  
These whet Love's Wanton Darts, and those Death's  
Fatal Spade.

One works the Key-hole, others turn the Wards,  
And others form the Bolt, which Golden Treasure  
Guards.

Mr. Dryden in *Hind and Panther*.

*Haud aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,*

In our Society,

———— *Pressit Labor omnes*  
*Improbis, & duris urgens in Rebus Egestas;*  
*Munere quemq; suo; Grandævis Lexica cura,*  
*Et munire the Margin, & horrid fingere*  
*Scandal,*

*Sunt queis Prælorum cecidit custodia sorti;*  
*Inq; vicem speculantur opus, velut agmine facto*  
*Ignavum Criticos pecus a Præsepibus arcent;*  
*Aut onera accipiunt collectorum.*

One

One was constantly at Work in compiling *Prolegomena*; there were Two Members that flourished all our Dedications; a Fourth had a happy Genius for setting out Title-Pages, and my Talent was thought most proper for putting together an Index. One Month by constant Practice, had made me such a Proficient in this Faculty, as is *Incredible to tell*, and it might indeed look like a piece of Vanity for a Man to publish it of himself. Thus much perhaps may be said with Modesty of my great Dexterity, that I am able to set down a copious Index without ever casting an Eye upon the Book. Reader, this is not a thing for every Man to pretend to; but I say no more; you shall have a Sample at the End, if the paper holds out.

By this time, 'tis to be suppos'd, you begin to think me a rising Man, and my Business certainly done; as to which erroneous Conclusion, I hold my self obliged to undeceive a Person of your Sagacity and Deserts; for tho' I was, and am, Master of such extraordinary Abilities, and my Brother Pen-men in their  
several

several ways, but little behind me, yet were we soon reduc'd to Ruine and Despair by private Interlopers. Their Names and Characters, with all their Rogueries, you shall know at a more convenient Opportunity.

*Sua quisque teneat non vitiosa.*

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### S E C T. XXIII.

*A Section Principally design'd for the Benefit of Philosophers, and other wise People.*

SINCE the foresaid Index-Trade proves so dead, and the Gains so vastly short of what we had promis'd our selves, it has been in my Thoughts, that if any way could be contriv'd to pass my self upon the World for a Person of rare and singular Wisdom, some extraordinary Preferment, or at least a Good Accession to my poor Income might ensue. Bent upon this Project, it cost me infinite Pains in collecting wise Sayings, and raking together a Heap of Proverbs, whereof I found it requisite that a sufficient Fund should

should be laid in to deliver out at proper Seasons, by way of Observation or Instruction. I likewise stinted my self in my Walks, to proceed but five Steps in three Minutes and two Seconds, not forgetting to bind up my sweet Countenance to a profound Gravity of Behaviour, so that for every Half-smile allow'd to dawn upon it for a Half-minute; it has been some Years under Covenant to look Stupidious, and lye overcast with Frowns, for at least three Hours together. Beside this, it has verily from Nature the peculiar Felicity of a Cloudy, Sullen and Philosophical Beauty, which is of much Use and Assistance as to the Business of Wisdom. Yet being my self, by the Benefit also of my Constitution, wonderfully inclin'd to Simplicity, after all my Care and Strivings, I have found out that 'tis a more difficult Part for a Fool or a Fool's Mate, to act the Wise-man than for a Wise-man in time of Need or when the Humour takes him, to play the Fool. Thus—I did once read it recorded of some Counterfeits, that they have upon Occasion pretended themselves

elves dead, but never knew any, to the  
 best of my Memory, how fly and cunning  
 bever, that when they were really de-  
 unct, or dead in good earnest, could  
 make as if they were alive.

*Misce Stultitiam conciliis brevem.*

## S E C T. XXIV.

Of my so famous Tincture for the Wit, ap-  
 proved by the Author's own Experience  
 for above two and thirty Tears, as like-  
 wise by several impossible Cures it has  
 wrought upon Persons of Quality in and  
 about this Kingdom; who can testify that  
 it mightily helps Digestion of what you  
 take inwardly, removes Dulness, comforts  
 the Vital Heat, strengthens the Poetick  
 Spirit, helps Inspiration, provokes Rym-  
 ing, cherishes the Fancy, corrects the Judg-  
 ment, &c. By excoriating all mem-  
 branous Diaphragms in the Musculus  
 Ensiformis; and finally it brings your  
 Vena Docta to a due Crasis of Body, and  
 is a Medicine infinitely Preferable to any  
 hitherto in Use among the Criticks, and  
 will

*will keep its Virtue in long Voyages for the Benefit of Sea-faring Persons, especially such as dwell in Her Majesty's Navy, or otherwise reside in long Voyages.*

**F**Orefeeing that this Volume may possibly fall into the Hands of some Person, or Persons, either so very Frugal or so very Injudicious, as to repent the Purchase, I had once thought to throw into my Purchaser's Bargain the most valuable Thing I could present him with, even a Discovery of my whole Art of Writing, or the Means whereby I have attained to such wonderful Perfection. This my generous and noble Design was favour'd by a Rule of *Heraldry* that I remember'd to have seen in *Tully*, who somewhere delivers it for his Opinion that 'tis more Honourable to sell Art than the Productions of Art. Now I have always been a Person very ambitious of the most Honourable Employment (even tho' they should happen to be encumber'd with vast Revenues) and I likewise reverence the Philosophical Reasonings of that worthy Author at a due Distance



Distance, without presuming to enter, intrude, approach, or pretend the least Acquaintance with their *Excellencies*; but standing off with a contented Modesty, and paying the Homage of implicit Deference. My foresaid laudable Inclination was likewise encourag'd by the Authority of Father *M—che*, an abstracted Person who has blessed human Race with such an unparallel'd Composition as never fails to incite the staring Faculty most strangely, either by way of Astonishment, if the Man have a strong Constitution of Mind, or by way of Brensy, in Case the Enthusiastick *Recipes* succeed, and work the desired Effect on the Patient-Disciple's Intellectuals. Yet this Admirable Philosopher has caution'd the World against all Kind of Admiration, as highly pernicious to the Welfare of human Understanding, and a great *Obstruction* to the *Growth of Truth*. Now whereas I have a most tender Concern both for the Preservation and Improvement of my good Reader's Sences, and this Treatise of mine is also calculated to provoke the most passionate Admiration,

tion, especially in the greatest and finest Spirits, which are not only most precious, but soonest endanger'd; in such a Case as this, I judg'd it would become an Author to use the utmost Precaution for moderating the Surprize that is to come upon his Reader, and no better Expedient occurred to me than that of confessing and laying open the whole Mystery of my Art, since nothing does more take off from our Astonishment than a right Apprehension of the Way a thing is done. On the other side, in Opposition to these Considerations, I plainly saw that many unlucky Consequences would attend the Publication of my Secret, which I may truly call my *Choice Receipt, or Elixir Scribendi*. For First, unless it be taken and apply'd with utmost Caution, it operates too strongly on the Stile, and turns every thing into *Elevate* and *Surprize*. Let a Banker, a Doctor, or a Scrivener set himself to dash over a Bill, or a Deed of Conveyance, he would have his Ink run insensibly into Flights and Metaphors, Quaint Conceits, Grave Apophthegms, Politick Sayings,

Sayings, and Learned Dissertations, such as the Body of this Treatise consists of; so that such Gentlemen would receive little Benefit by my *Elixir*; for a wise Man would no more wish that every Pen he handles should flow nothing but Wit, than that every thing he touches should instantly commence Gold.

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*Concerning the wandering Jew. That Phalaris's Epistles were written by a Turkish Spy, who resided 44 Years at Agrigentum. A Dissertation upon the Age of Lucius Bocius. The Novel of Nicthycranculus and Pollidona.*

**I**T is but reasonable that in the Second Place, I should consider my own Benefit, not that I design to lock up All

— in sordid miser,

and thereby endanger its dying with my self, as it too frequently happens by the selfish Humor of Discoverers; but only to make such a reasonable Profit, as ought to be allow'd for Encouragement

to the Ingenious. 'What I propose is, to teach my Art at moderate Rates, not doubting to raise a sufficient Estate, from the great number of Scholars that I may reasonably expect. And I do here take Occasion to certify Gentlemen of both Sexes, whether Knights, Burgessees, Justices of Peace or their respective Constables; that if they, or any of them, will be pleas'd to send their Sons, or Daughters, of any Age between Twelve and Twenty-one, to my House near *Flintshire*, they shall find decent and suitable Entertainment, and be faithfully instructed in the Depths of my Art, if Capable; otherwise my Wife will, notwithstanding, engage to teach them the choicest Rules for making sweet Powder, *Pomatum*, all kinds of Pastry-ware, besides Carving, Moulding Cockle-bread, Playing on the Jews-Harp, and all other necessary Parts of Genteel Education.

SECT

## S E C T. XXVIII.

The next Section does really contain such sad Truths that I would not advise you to understand it, nor so much as read it, if it can possibly be avoided.

THE Cabala, faith Rabbi Talmud, contains First, the Doctrine of the four Worlds *Aziluthical*; and Secondly, the Doctrine of *Sephiroth*. Now the Second Doctrine of *Sephiroth* is the Predicament of *Chochma*, i. e. Wisdom. Wisdom, faith the Lexicon *Zohar*, is *The Beginning of situated Ideality*, from which it most clearly follows, that it is also *The Head and Principle of Aziluth*. Besides this, in the Metallick Doctrine, *Wisdom is the Degree of Lead or Primordial Salt, in which Salt lies hid the Lead of the Wise*. Upon which the great Expositor has this Comment. *Cognomina & Subordinata Cochma sunt*, 1. Jah. 2. Jod Tetr. 3. *Principium*. 4. *Primogenitura*. 5. *Voluntas*. 6. *Terra Viventium*. 7. *Jesch, Ens seu Essentia*. 8. *Lux primitiva*. 9. 32 *Semita Idearum*. 10. 70 *Legis Species*. 11. *Bellum*. 12. *Judicium*.

*dicium.* 13. *AMEN.* 14. *Liber.* 15. *Sanctum*  
*Sanctorum.* 16. *Informe.* 17. *Profundum*  
*Cogitationis.* 18. *Cogitatio.* 19. *Formido.*  
 20. *Eden.* 21. *Olei Unctionis Scurigo.*  
 22. *Vinum asservatum ab orbe*  
*condito.* 23. *QUIS?* 24.  
*Membrum virile summum.*  
 25. *Verbum seu Oratio.*

*See Burnet's Ar-*  
*chaolog. whence*  
*all this Doctrine*  
*is transcrib'd.*

The whole Doctrine being thus made out, and illustrated to my hands; it might seem Superfluous to attempt any further Comment, since 'tis evident that nothing can be plainer than the Exposition already given. However in our Volumes upon this Subject that Are to be, we shall a little farther expatiate upon the *Quisitey* of *Amen*, as likewise upon the *Ensophicality* of *Aziluth*; which to an Understanding rightly prepar'd, will doubtless become like the Odour of the Voice of the Beauty of Sublimated Intelligence. Two-legged Truth shall be caught with Saline Essence upon her Caudality; She shall edify and nidificate in the Petticoats of his *Pia Mater*, or the supercilious Eaves of his *Pericranium*; She shall fish for *Ideas* with his *Rete Mirabile* and *Processus*  
*Ver-*

*Vermiformis*, and inject them thro' the *Infundibulum* into the savoury Frying-pan of his *Cerebellum*. There shall she sit chewing *Cuds* and *Enthymemas*, or brooding over infant Sciences; She shall drive him cross the Streets to seek out the Sages that are gone astray, and salute the unknown Children of Philosophy; to salute the unborn by Name, and the unbegotten by Lips Anonymous, is the Delight and Priveledge that Wisdom enjoys from her Successors, and bequeaths as a never-failing Inheritance, to her Fore-fathers.

'Tis possible some few Persons may have follow'd, at least, one part of my Advice at the Beginning of this Section, against understanding, or so much as reading it, if they could by any means forbear. 'Tis possible also, that some Persons may be inclin'd to wonder, why such a Section as is judg'd improper to be understood, or even perused, should be allow'd a Place in the Volume; the true Reason of which is this, that I perceiv'd the following Section would have little Coherence or Relation to the precedent,

cedent, and therefore judg'd it might be convenient to put between them something of this Nature, for the sake of Connexion.

*A very Rhetorical Section.*

**T**IS this that makes me weep, in the most piteous Manner, at the Thoughts of being imprison'd in this Wretched Sublunary World; as *Alexander*, among the *Ancients*, is said to have done before me. However, to make the best of my Confinement to so vile a Place, I have been long thinking to retire, together with *Sir W. Raleigh*,

*See Sr. W. Raleigh's History, Bishop Sprat's Observations upon Sorbieres's Voyage, and the Dedication before D. Cave's Lives of the Apostles.*

*Bp. Wilkins* and others, into the most Eligible Time. I knew for certain, that the Present is the worst of all Times, if *Tradition* it self can pretend to the *least Infallibility*. For, this Doctrine is not only Attested by as many living Eye-witnesses, as there are now in Being Persons of the last Age,

but



but has been always deliver'd down from Father to Son, Ancestors to Posterity, with such satisfactory and uncontrollable Evidence, as to obtain the universal Assent of all Ages and Nations. From hence with great Reason, it may be deduc'd, that the Present Time is not the Worst just *Now* only, but was also the Worst in every Age since the Creation; not that other Times were better, but each had its Turn of being the Worst just when it came to be Present; each was compell'd to undergo the same Ignominy before it could be dismissed; upon which Account the Present has never been known to stay more than one Moment, just to hear it self railed at and upbraided, as if it were sensible how Intolerable its longer Continuance would be to mortal Man, who as it is does generally Abuse it. And indeed how should Mankind be like to endure a real *Nunc Stans*, who are so angry and displeas'd, whenever it does but seem to stand still, or even to move slowly?

Neither is there any God, or Godling, above Ground, that shews any manner of

of Regard to the Present, but that of Contempt or Aversion. Observe the bashful and demure *Cynthia*, aliàs *Hecate*, aliàs *Diana*, *Luna*, *Trivia*, &c. Goddess of Changelings, Fanaticks, State-Camelions, Flying-Squadrons, Menders and Reformers; how she discovers always the same Discontent and Dislike to the Present, as we may read in her very Face. For, is she not always shifting it off for whatever comes next; running over the Changes, and playing Tricks to elude and *deceive* it? Sometimes we have her mounted and riding Post in the Sky, where she puts on a new Look for every new Posture of Affairs; then after a while, grown weary even of constant Changing, she disappears and gets down to the Banks of *Eurotas*, where she hunts away the *Present* Time, till tired also of her *present* self, she turns from *Diana* to *Proserpina*, and flies to the infernal Regions, there to converse with Folk of past and future Ages.

———— quibus Altera fato  
Corpora debentur. ————

If *Cynthia's* Practise be not Authority sufficient, let us consult *Metis*, another Goddess that deals in *Good Advice*, *Due Deliberation*, and *Considering-Caps*; and she takes no more Notice of *Time Being* than *Vacuna* her self, but prohibits all Enjoyment of the Present as worthless and pernicious; Times Past are indeed of some Value, as furnishing Matter of Observation, and Reflection, to make one Wise, but whoever is made Wise thereby, must be sure ultimately to refer every thing (never to *Now*, but) to *Hereafter*.

And what shall we say of Ancient *Janns*, who is accounted also one of the Wisest among his Fellow-Gods, but thinks as little of the Present as any Person whatever of that Quality. He neither conceals his constant and steady Regard to the Future and the Past, nor did he ever bestow a single Glance upon the *τὸ νῦν*, or so much as allow it to see his Face. That is not an Object for a *Double God*

*Bicipital as is the Muses Hill,*

*Qui nunquam Custos absistit limine Templi,*  
but

but rather for such a Tricorpulent Monster as Geryon, or the *Tricaniniceps Custos* of Hell,

*Infera qui rabidus Latratu regna Trifanci  
Personat, immani recubans Immanis in  
antro.*

As for Jove himself, the *Cloud-compelling* Grand Seignior of the Gods, or Great Mogul of Heaven, have we not the Testimony of *Horace*,

*Cæli Tonantem Culminibus Jovem  
Regnare Præfens. Divus Habebitur.*

that he sits like a Lord

A Top of Heaven, and flings his Thunder  
thence

To sow good Ale, and spoil the present  
Tense.

And when he has atchiev'd that fierce  
Intent,

The Future, for his Pains, will call him  
Saint.

To spare the Trouble of more Instances  
let me advise you to believe, *for my sake*  
tha

that there is not a single God, among the twice ten Thousand, that does in the least regard what we have been discoursing of. So far from it, that if the Condition of their Nature were at their own Disposal, they would rather chuse to secure to themselves one single Month of *Future Life*, than to enjoy their very *Immortality* it self, if it were only just for the *Present*. For farther Satisfaction in this point, I refer you to the following Poems, in the former of which you will find some account of the Principal Gods; the other is Part of a Speech of *Apollo's* own making, upon Occasion of his Cows being stoln by *Ulysses*.

*Money, or the Miser's Speech.*

By another Hand.

O F Gods and your Goddesses tell me no more,  
King *Jove* and Queen *Juno*'re a Rogue and a Whore;  
Great *Mars* is a Hero, when e'er he can shew it,  
*Apollo's* a Fool, and the De'el of a Poet;  
Dame *Venus* a Hag, and so you may tell Her;  
A poor Rogue is *Bacchus*, ne'er a Flask in his Cellar;  
Nay *Cupid's* a Whim, with feign'd Arrows and Wings;  
And all without Money meer fanciful Things.

H

'Tis

'Tis Money Almighty that fills us with Wonder,  
That whirles the Globes round, and makes the Skies  
Thunder.

That bullies down Castles, and routs with meer Sound,  
And makes up a Hero, with never a Wound;  
Come fill up my Coffers, I'll build me a Throne,  
I'll scale the blue Heavens, and pull the Gods down;  
What are those poor God-things without mighty Money?  
Fair *Danaë* had been kept, and *Jove* baulkt of his  
Sweet-heart.

Ruffy *Mars* without Coin were a pitiful Thing;  
'Tis Money takes Towns and lets the Troops in;  
Though my Skull were quite empty full Coffers  
could do't,

Could make me a Wit, and a Beauty to Boor.

'Tis Money that keeps up great *Bacchus* from Sinking,  
That buys us *Champaign*, and maintains our good  
Drinking.

For since all our good Wines are set forth to Sale,  
Without Money poor *Bacchus* must break and sell Ale.

Now as for the Empire of Beauty, and *Cupid*,  
I laugh at the Fancy, and think it all Stupid;

For who can win Miss without Money a Courting?

And where is a *Venus* without a good Fortune?

Then tell me no more, blind impotent Boy,

For want of a Passion, that *Phyllis* is Coy;

Since Beauty, and all the whole World may be sold,  
Thy Shafts can ne'er wound unless Pointed with Gold.

### Out of Homer's *Odyssseis*.

W Hen Milk-maid *Susan* told the Sun,  
How his poor Muls were dead and gone,  
He fell in such a raving Fit,  
You'd scarce have thought him God of  
Wit. For

For with that Phys that makes foul  
Weather,

Away he run to tell his Father.

And bounced at Heaven-Hall Gate, like  
Mad,

Till he got in to speak with Dad.

Jove was just then at Even and Odd, as is

The Sport among the Gods and Goddeses;

Who were all 'stounded and affrighted,

When *Phæbus* to the Bench draw nigh did,

That one they counted so Wise-nodded,

Should look so featly and betwattled;

Which made him fall to storm and bully,

And sputter at 'em most wofully,

Then call them all to naught; he swore

This was a Rogue, and that a Whore;

They ne'er had heard the like before.

Conva-va-vart ye now, quo' he,

Would ye were all at *York*, for me.

Death and Fuf-furies! What at Play!

At Even and Odd-Good-lack-a-day!

You take your Pleasure, and don't care

A straw how other Folks may fare,

So your own Carcasses but thrive well;

Faith you're as Cunning as the Devil.

At this the Gods did all him sooth, with

Sweet Words, as any Courtier Moutheth.

Jove chuck'd his Chin, and bid him name  
Who 'twas had wrong'd him, and he'd  
pay 'em.

With that *Apollo* strait began, Sir,  
To blubber something of an Answer.  
De'e see the Barges there? Po-pox on  
The Water-men, the've ate my Oxen.  
They might as well have eat my Horses,  
Or pick'd my Pocket—where my Purse is.  
Consume 'em all; I wonder when  
My Oxen would have eat the Men!  
They ne'er had injured this *Ulysses*,  
Nor plunder'd any thing that is his.  
My Cows ne'er burnt his Barns at *Ithaca*,  
Nor robb'd his Trunk without, or with  
a Key;  
Ne'er open broke his Cellar Door,  
Nor tried to make his Wife a Where,  
Nor got his Maids with Child (as some do  
In every Family they come to)  
Demolished none o's Mutton-Pasties;  
But let the House continue as 'tis.  
I loved the Cows from Top to Bottom,  
Dearer than if I had begot 'em,  
So dear, that it rejoiced my Heart  
Both to go to 'em,—and to part.



*The Verses in the Original are these.*

Χαίρεσκον μὲν ἰὼν εἰς ἑσπέρην ἀστερόεντα,  
'Ἠδ' ὁππότε γαῖαν ἀπ' ἑσπερίθ' ἐξέλεγοντο μιν.

For when my Link-boy *Vesper*, come,  
At Setting-time—to light me home,  
I used to Ogle 'em 'cross my Neck,  
Till I devised a kind of Trick,  
And left my Head might grow awry,  
Learn'd to ride backward down the Sky.  
Not a Cow of 'em but, in my O-  
pinion, was handsomer than *Yo*.  
For Simpering, none of 'em could miss  
T'out-simper *Daph*- (both)- *ne* (and) *his*.  
Even tho' they both should turn to Kine,  
'Snigs, they would be two Fools to mine.  
My Cows were prettier (I don't jeer ye)  
Than your βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.  
They gave the sweetest Milk for Poffet,  
Or Syllabub (there's *Cupid* knows it)  
I ne'er sipp'd any thing perfecter,  
Not to disparage sugar'd *Nectar*.  
Besides, 'twas good for Physick (mark it)  
Either Emetick, or Cathartick.

If Milk once fail my Credit crackt is,  
 And *Opifer* must lose his Practice.  
 The youngest was a Maiden-Body ;  
 I little thought that she should so dye.  
 For she could cure Distempers, marry,  
 And was a kind of 'Pothecary.  
 There's Dr. *Salmon* would have bought  
 her,

Tho meerly for her \* *All-flower* Water,  
 At making which she had such Skill,  
 No Lady better could distill.  
 'Twou'd cure Green-sickness and the  
 Scurvy ;

(No Cow in *England* could with her vye)  
 The *Fluor Albus*, and the Tumor,  
 Hydropick, and Athritick, Humor ;  
 No Beast of 'Natomy e'er knew more. }  
 She'd have made Water for a Wager,  
 Had any ventured to engage her.  
 Nay *Bromfeild's* Pills 'twou'd soon have  
 cast out,

And *Daffy's* 'Lixir is an Als to't.  
 Pray what would *Juno* say, if Folk  
 Stole Peacocks, tho' twere in a Joke?  
 I'm sure, I'd sooner eat my Nails  
 Than touch a Feather of their Tails.

---

\* The Cant-word, or Term of Art for Cow-Piss.

She'd

She'd set her Clack up, and so scold me ;  
 Heaven would be soon too hot to hold me ;  
 Nay *Jove* would rather wish (*Udzoekers*)  
 To have his Chimnies all turn Smoakers.  
 There's *Pallas* keeps her Owls as chary,  
 Even as the Apple of her Blear-eye,  
 The Goddess-ship of her Divinity,  
 Or Maiden-head of her Virginity,  
 Her very Wisdom, and Puissance,  
 With which she frightens Rats and Mice  
 hence.

Could th' *Harpies* so torment *Aeneas*,  
 That shortly will be chosen a *Deus*,  
 And spoil his Dinner with a Vengeance }  
 That was as Odious and as *Ingens*, }  
 As the most wisest Hist'ry mentions ? }

*Bellum etiam pro cade boum?*

Quoth th' Old One in a Passion to 'em.

I mean that Fury, Dame *Celano*,

So dire a Monster ne'er was seen, ho !

Then came the Flock, and set a flut-  
 tering,

A Clawing, Stinking, and a Sputtering ;

Drove the poor *Trojans* from their places,

All squirting in their Eyes and Faces.

Could *Hercules*, the Giant, take as

Much Vengeance as he pleased of *Cacus*,

Altho'

Altho' his Cows recover'd were soon,  
 And had no Violence done their Person?  
 And I (forsooth!) that can the Bar  
 throw,

Drive Coach, or *Shine*, or shoot an Arrow,  
 Break a new Horse-shoe, crack a new  
 Rope,

Or dry a *Stall*, and common Shore, up  
 With e'er a *Hercules* in *Europe*,  
 Must be affronted and upon pissed!

Pray answer me—on what accounp is't?

I was induced to recede a little from  
 strict Orthography in the last Line,  
 meerly out of Pity to the Ryme, which  
 would evidently have been in a miser-  
 able Condition, if I had suffer'd either  
*Ly* REASON, or even *rd* ACCOUNT,  
 to get into the Penultimate Place, which  
 they both offer'd to supply, but were  
 both rejected, tho' otherwise very wor-  
 thy, as *not being agreeable to the Society*.  
 The Verse and I are greatly, and equally  
 obliged to Syncope the Amputatrix,  
 as well as to some other Reformers of  
 Modes and Superfluities, who were ex-  
 tremely ready and willing to come into  
 our

our Assistance in the present Case, according to their usual Good-nature and very compassionate Disposition upon all such Emergencies.

From these two *Proofs* out of Poetry, together with the Prose Arguments that preceded them, it seems to be a very Rational Inference, that of all Times, Ages, or *Siecles*, those deserve the highest Renown, as indeed they are allow'd to be, beyond Comparison, the best, which neither Are, Have been, nor Will be *Present*. Have we not an illustrious Instance of this in the *Saturnian*, or Golden-Age (truly so called, had so pernicious a Metal been consistent with the Happiness of those Blessed Days) and have we not another more illustrious in the *Milennium at Jerusalem*? What more Peaceful and Innocent than the one? What more *Devout* and *Contemplative* than the other? And then if we enquire of our own Country in particular, does not *Great Britain* confess, that the Days now current are vile, worthless and illaudable, nor any way comparable for Blessedness to the precious Reign of that most gracious

cious and magnificent Princess. *Queen  
Disk?*

Agreeably to this, and no doubt upon  
the same Principles, has the Sage St. *Er-  
remont* determined, concerning naked  
Goddesses and young *Lancashire* Witches  
that the Nymph which *Finds her self*  
*where*, is VASTLY a finer Creature  
than any that can be Found in *Her* Sex  
and must upon every Account carry the  
*Golden Apple* from all *Her* Fellows.

We likewise all know for certain,  
least all that are Unprejudic'd will agree  
that *Empedocles's* Epick Poem is a much  
Diviner Piece than either of *Homer's*,  
*Lucretius's Aeneis* must also be owned to  
be infinitely Preferable to *Virgil's*; the Truth  
of this may be put beyond Dispute by  
one plain Reason; viz. That *Virgil* has  
actually written an *Aeneis*, or a certain  
Book of long Verses, beginning with  
*Ille Ego*, and *Homer* also is judged to  
have made his own Epick Poems, whereas  
the other Gentleman has writ none.

and as for *Lucretius's* Twelve  
Books of *Aeneis*, they never  
were in *Rerum Naturæ*.

See the Disserta-  
tion upon Pha-  
laris's Epistles.

By Parity of Reason has the Wisdom of the Ancients declar'd, and pronounc'd it for a Maxim, of most indisputable Truth, That of *Melius non nasci* all Persons in the whole World, none are in such a *desirable Condition* and *happy Circumstances*; none so much to be envy'd, or in so great *Favour* with *Fate* and all the *Stars*, as those *innocent Strangers* that never knew the Misfortune of being Born, and therefore, as in Charity we ought to believe, had no way deserv'd to be sentenc'd to that Execution, or to have the Penalty of Life inflicted upon them. Now does not all Philosophy, with one Voice, proclaim the Reasonableness of the fore-said Maxim? for does it not assure us that *Utopia* is a finer Region to dwell in than any other whatever; not in this *Terraqueous Globe* only, but even in either Hemisphere of that other in the Moon?

These Reflections may show us how justly the Religion and Virtue of *Oliver Cromwell*, the Vertue, Loyalty and Merits of —, the Loyalty, Merits and Poetry of — have been so highly celebrated by

by Mr. *W*—, Mr. *S*—, Mr. *A*—  
*&c.* for what can give to a Man's Virtue,  
 Loyalty and Poetry, or Merits of any  
 kind, so eminent an Advantage; what  
 can make them so Worthy of being  
 highly celebrated, as that singular and  
 characterizing Property of having no  
 Existence?

*The Life and Exploits of*

SANCHO PANSA,

*After his Master's Decease.*

**A**S the Supreme Temporal Perfection  
 is not found in any Times, but  
 those which neither Are, have Been, nor  
 shall Be at all, so is the second Honour  
 very justly ascribed to those, which al-  
 though they do not come up to the same  
 Perfection of Not-being with the others,  
 yet keep however the greatest Distance  
 from the Moment in Being Now  
 namely, at my present Writing, or your  
 present Reading, whenever that happens  
 even tho' at a *Thousand Years* Interval

There



There is in Nature a parallel Case, that may illustrate this Philosophy. 'Tis not imaginable the nice and strict Analogy between the Doctrines of *Time* and of *Place*, can possibly have escap'd the Observation of so discerning a Genius as *my Reader*. You see therefore (as I take for Granted) how the several *Phænomena* of both depend upon the same Reasons, and may become assisting in the Solution of each other. Did Felicity chuse the Days of *Urania*? And does not she chuse the Country of *Utopia*? Are the most distant Times the next in her Favour? and are not also the most distant Climates? Are the most ancient Writers the best in their kinds? Are they Giants in Learning, and the Moderns but Puncinello's and Pygmies upon their Shoulders? and are not the most Remote Inventers incomparably the most Inventive? Nay, is it not very remarkable, that the ancient Greeks and Romans have outstript, in all the Liberal Arts, their Contemporaries, the modern French and English, chiefly by reason that the Chinese are great Wits? Nor is it less Remarkable, that no Kingdom, or Common-wealth,

I

wealth,

wealth, whatever (always excepting those unrival'd States in *Utopia*) is allow'd to be fram'd, model'd and constituted with such a *Vein*, a *Strain*, a *REACH*, a *RACE*, a *STRETCH*, a *FETCH*, a *JIRK*, a *QUIRK*, a *SPIRIT*, *POWDER* of *Politick* and *Critique*, as those of *China* and *Pern*, which are *OUT-LYING* Nations, I don't know how far beyond the *World's End*.

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*Of Liberty and Property, and several other things that conduce to the better Understanding of this Famous History.*

**S**INCE all Parties are unanimous in this Principle, that *Time* becomes more pure and excellent in Proportion to the distance it recedes from the *Nunc Temporis*, the only remaining Controversy about it is, taking any Degree you please of Distance or Latitude, whether it will not be equally Estimable on either side of the Equator, or the *Linea Prasentialis* either

either Arctick or Ant-arctick, Past or Future, (which is all one between Space and Time) or if they be not equally Estimable, which must be allow'd the Preference? There are a *Species* of Philosophers, who setting up for *Moderation*, endeavour to defend the Equality, and urge us with the foresaid famous Analogy of Time and Place, which obtains, as they pretend, in this point as well as any. For, granting that at an equal Distance from the Torrid Zone on either side, the Force of the Sun's Malignancy does equally abate, it seems to them a plain Consequence, that at an equal Distance from the *Punctum Tonunicum*, which way you please, the Virulency of Præsentialness must in the same measure be taken off, qualify'd and debilitated. Now 'tis true indeed, that the Inference here seems very just and inevitable, but the Ground of it is fallacious and cannot be insisted on; for it supposes the Analogy between Time and Place to extend farther than it ever did, since we see that several Countries, tho' at the same Distance from the Sun, yet have various

Degrees both of Heat and Fertility, occasion'd by their peculiar Situations, and such like *Collateral Arguments*; whereas in the case of Time, on the same side of the Present, and at the same Distance, Days and Years have always the same Excellence and Worth; because 'tis very evident, that nothing has any Influence upon the Happiness of Ages, but their Distance from the Present only.

*A Section containing,*

Two Receipts out of Echard's Translation of *Duns Scotus*, viz. *How to broil Hazle-*

*Nuts with pickled Ivory-*

See Echard's 2<sup>d</sup> Dialogue, where he treats of boild Cushions.

*Sauce and Ablative Cases; and the best way of steaming*

*Curds in a Viskan.*

These Levellers or Moderation-Men being set aside, since either the Future, or the Past, must have a Pre-eminence, we proceed to examine the next Point in Debate, viz. To which of them it ought to be awarded. There are hot Zealots, or High-Flyers, on both sides, and great Animosities are kindled between them, that if either should get the full pream

pream Power into their Hands, their Opposites, or Dissenting-Brethren, will have cause to apprehend a Persecution. To state and represent the Cause at full length, and deduce all the Arguments *Pro* and *Con*, in Logical or Rhetorical Array, shall be thy Undertaking, O my next *Philippick*,

— *qua Divina vulvêris proxima Fama.*

This present Oration, Dissertation, or Commentary (or whatever Name you shall please to honour it with) will be mightily satisfy'd, if it can but give human Race a convenient Insight into the Business before us, by pointing at the chief Topicks, Offensive and Defensive, which the Parties militant employ against each other. Therefore

*Pergite Pierides*——

on the part of the Futurists it is confidently talk'd, that a Minute to come is worth an Age that is gone; nay, they pretend it to be an avow'd and current Maxim among Philosophers of all Ages,

That a Week in Prospect is not only more valuable, but even apparently longer, than a Twelve-month that is flit away, by the exactest measure yet known. Nor do they scruple to refer us to the universal Sence of Mankind, who discover so great an Opinion of the Future, as to long for it with Impatience, while they always acknowledge the Past to be no better than Vanity; the days that are coming, at a distance, being Fine and Delightful, tho' they change to quite another thing, as soon as they are gone by, and begin to show us their Reverse. All this and a great deal more, they endeavour to confirm by a great number of Instances, but chiefly insist upon the particular Case of a longing Nymph, who is always very well assured that the Future will make her Happy, but when once that future is converted into Past, perceives her Expectations deluded, and herself betray'd by it into Misery and Repentance. A thousand other Arguments that are mustered for the Defence of this Tenet, I shall reserve for my subsequent Volumes; nor will I now dis-

mis

miss the Subject without this Concession, which all Parties, Orders and Degrees of Men seem to conspire in, That the Future is the only proper Season for mending, and repenting of, Faults that are Past; that it is absolutely the most convenient Opportunity of setting upon any Work of great Labour and Difficulty; and the rather, if it be a thing of such Necessity, or Importance, as should not be enter'd upon with Precipitation; for 'tis plainly impossible to undertake Matters of that Nature, till the Future is come, though some prejudic'd Persons have a Conceit, that this Future tantalizes our Resolutions, and always flies before us.

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*The Novel of the Tall Inquisitive continued, and that of the Lovely Amphibious begun.*

**T**Hese are really very plausible Arguments, and many other things there are to be pleaded in Favour of the same Cause, seemingly no less conclusive than these. Yet the prevailing Opinion

nion runs on the other side, and has many Reasons to support it. In my other Volumes I design entirely to exhaust the Argument, by displaying all that can possibly be said in Fa-

*Dr. B---y form'd a modest Design of this Nature, in the Case of Phalaris's Epist. which he promis'd that no Mortal should take to be Genuine, from the time his Dissertation came out, 'till the Conflagration.*

vour of Days elapsed, so that for the time to come, no Man shall offer to write, speak, think, or *opine* any thing against the Dignity and Precedence of Times Past.

I am so well satisfy'd in the Proofs and Evidence of this Doctrine we are now defending, as to believe that the contrary Perswasion where-ever it be found, can arise from nothing in the World but meer Ingratitude. For is it not even visible, that Men shew a mighty Respect for the Future only, because they have great Expectations from it, whereas the Hours which have left and bequeath'd to them all the Goods, Possessions and Enjoyments which they are Masters of, are often slighted, turned away, and out of mind, only because they are Past the Condition



of doing them any further Service. Now instead of that Disingenuous Principle, we ought to forget only what Injuries the Age expir'd has done us; to forgive all that is past and gone of that Kind; be easily reconcil'd to its Memory, and willing to speak well of the deceas'd. This I esteem to be one of the most eminent Virtues, yet it has always been flourishing and triumphant, and so much the more conspicuously, because by this Virtue, which by its own Nature is solitary, and even self-subsisting, we are convinced that all other Virtues are either extinct or languishing; upon which Account there is Reason also to be the more fond of this. There is in the World a certain Society whose laudable Disposition, as to the point before us, must not be pass'd over without due Commendation; a Society well known, of a great Rank and Figure, and bearing a great Sway in sublunary Affairs, having produc'd more Persons of Note in all Kinds, than ever appear'd besides. My Meaning is doubtless obvious enough to conceive, for what can any charitable

Reader

Reader think of me in his Conscience, but that I do most joyfully lay hold upon this happy Occasion of vindicating our *Specific Reputation*, by doing Justice to the noble Race of Mankind; to whom I am known to bear a very singular Affection, as having the Honour to belong to that celebrated Species, in the Quality of an *Unworthy Individual*; so much at least I may say, that this Character is allowed me by all that love and understand the *Good of my Country*. For such my Birth and Breeding, I own an infinite Obligation to the Manes of Sir *Samuel Luke*, my much Honoured Grand-father, as likewise to some others of my illustrious Progenitors, who were good old Men, true Zealots for the *Good Old Cause*, &

—— *nati melioribus annis.*

I take the Boldness therefore to maintain the Honour of human Race, as to this most excellent Virtue of forgetting what Sufferings Times past brought upon them, as well as remembring and exaggerating with the utmost Gratitude, what  
ever

ever Blessings they enjoy from the Goodness of those happy Days, now departed. Nay, I will venture to go a Point further, the more firmly to establish my Cause, tho' by seeming to oppose it; as some Persons of known Honour and Integrity, are labouring to undermine something or other, 'tis hard to affirm what, by pretending themselves its *Protectors*.

For since the Press, the Pulpit and the Stage Conspire to censure and expose our Age, Provok'd too far, we resolutely must To the one Virtue that we have, be Just.

I assert therefore, for the Glory of our own Time, and will maintain it to the last Drop of my Ink, that it does not fall short of any other in this good Quality of preferring all others to its self; that it does not fail to pay due Honour and Respect to elder Ages, or to aggravate its own Degeneracy. I assert farther, for the Credit of my own Country, that without flattering our selves, we are not out-rival'd in this Point by any Nation  
what-

whatever, let our Neighbours think of themselves as fondly as they please. How few among us can ruminate upon the last Century, or revolve in our Minds some glorious Scenes with which it was illustrated, without the sweetest Complacency, and even Rapture of Delight? Could the same happy Days return, the same blessed State of things be *restor'd*, with what Joyous, what Triumphant Acclamations, would the *Glorious Day* be *hailed*, and usher'd in by Multitudes of *British* Souls, and how welcome

*Quadragesimus Octavus Revolutibilis Annus*

How celebrated even among the *Ancient Writers* are those Times which were *Ancient* to them?

*Aurea Prima sata est Aetas——*

*——subitque Argentea Proles,*

† The Age was Gold at first, 'tis said,  
'till Jove

Choused all the World to put his Sil-  
ver off.

† See Milbourn's Translation of Ovid.

*Aet.*

*Ære, dehinc ferro duravit secula—*

For Jove t' allay the Silver-age with Brass,  
All pious Men have thought a *hardish* case;  
But *harder* still he makes the Brazen-age,  
By turning Steel to Iron and to Rage.

Mr. Creech.

*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?  
Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

Which some *Jacobitish* Fellow, I don't  
know who, but possibly it may be the  
Author of the *Memorial*, has translated  
against the present Ministry, or Liberty  
of Conscience, or what else you please,  
and deserves to be sent some where or  
other for his Pains, as you may see.

Our Grand-fathers were —

Our Fathers *Oliverians*;

Their Sons, 'tis said, are —

Ours may be —

— *omnia fatis*

*In pejor ruere* —

K

\* What

\* What are Fates good for, but to Spoil  
and Wast ?

*Optima quaque dies miseris Mortalibus avi  
Prima fugit* ———

—— † 'Tis never known  
That better comes, when e're the old  
one's gone.

And we find this confirm'd by the  
Practice of Mankind, which best dis-  
covers their real Sentiments ; for, in the  
Primigenial Earth the Inha-  
bitants, or old Hero's, were  
content to live near a Thou-  
sand Years ; whereas now-a-days, say  
all that can be said, you will never per-  
swade one Man in ten Thousand to live  
so much as a tenth part of that Time ;  
and all because they are angry at the  
Degeneracy of the Times, and vex them-  
selves to Death to think that the *Axis of  
the Earth* should be grown so cross, as to  
stand in a skew Posture to the *Obliquity of  
the Ecliptick*. This Philosophy may seem

\* See Mr. Dryden's Translation of Virgil. † See the  
same Translation.

not to want any poetick Authority to confirm it, yet it will not be amiss, however, to use the following Verses as Collateral Proofs.

*Another Fragment of the Sun's Speech concerning his Cows.*

They cost as much in Education,  
 As any Cows of the best Fashion;  
 Not that I ever grudg'd the Money,  
 No, then indeed I'd been a Tony.  
 For Breeding (tho' it were at *Goatham*)  
 Is better than good Portions to them.  
 And they ne'er wanted for Instruction,  
 Nor ever idly did their Book shun;  
 But learn'd to race as well as dance,  
 So swift—you'd think 'em in a Trance.  
 The fleetest Nag they would out-strip,  
 So wise they were at Footmanship.  
 Yet scorn'd to make Discourse for Ale-  
 houses,  
 Like scoundrel Jades and *Hack-Caballuses*,  
 Or like your beggarly Jack-pudding,  
 That gladly on a Sheep's Head cou'd dine.  
 Tho' they themselves did pretty Gambols,  
 As any Tumblers or *Funambules*.

While one's a-showing of a Trick, Sir,  
 Another follows and Mimicks her,  
 So like an Andrew—you'd swear 'twas  
 one ;

And one good Andrew's worth a dozen.  
 They'd leap thro' 20 Hopes, or tumble  
 On the bare Ground—they were so  
 humble ;

Slide down a Rope from any Steeple,  
 To th' great Amazement of all People ;  
 Walk on their Hands, with Glass of Ale  
 Brim-ful, erected on their Tail.

Nay one (perhaps you'll scarce believe)  
 Would on Hind-leg, or Tail so stiff,  
 Spin her self round, like any Top,  
 When e'er I pleas'd to set her up.

You ne'er did see the like (nor shall)  
 Not th' oldest God among ye all.

They (let me tell you) were Injanious,  
 And better Scholars too than many o'us.

They're reckon'd to be Weather-wiser  
 Than \* *Zeus* himself, that great Adviser.

They tell It when to rain, or mizle,  
 And show when Riding's good, or is ill.

---

\* *Μητρίτης*.



By snuffing up the Air, according  
 To Art, and Rules of *Herme's* wording.  
 (You need not sneer, 'tis no absurd thing.)  
 I speak of him that Hight *Tris'gustus*,  
 Who by the Gypsy-Folk so miss'd was.  
*Nec luisse pudet, nec nondum incidere ludum.*

To Dr. Bl—— by Mr. Flights.

I.

*We'll consort with Tempests, with Earth-  
 quakes agree,*

*To a Chorus of Thunder we'll drink up the Sea.*

And when in Clouds it shall arise

From our Nostrils and our Eyes,

Up to the middle Region we'll repair,

To meet again our Liquor there,

And reach the Gods to drink and stare.

*We'll consort with Tempests, &c.*

II.

Then in our drunken Flights we'll go a

Region higher,

Where in Harmonious belch our Crew

With an Universal Sp——

Shall quench out all the Element of Fire.

*We'll consort with Tempests, &c.*

III.

Strike Lightning (if smoaking above be allow'd)  
We'll light our Tabacco with a Tinder-box  
Cloud;

And to see that our Frolicks may fairly go round,  
Light sixty Wax-candles of three to the Pound.  
Then stand to your Tackle, and brandish your  
Pots;

We'll ennoble the Gods by making 'em Sots.

*We'll consort with Tempests, &c.*

IV.

Look narrowly to him there, *Jove* shirks his  
Glas;

He's an impudent God, fling the rest in his Face.  
*Jupiter* flinches and *Bacchus*; I see

The Gods are not half so much Drunkards  
as we.

Then stand to your Tackle agen,  
And Fuddle, and Fuddle, like Men.

*We'll consort with Tempests, &c.*

*Dii Patrii! quo Bacche rapis! capite Orgia mecum.  
Furius Hybernas canâ nive conspuis Alpes.*

*A Scotch Epitaph.*

**H**ere lig I *Martin Eltinbrode*,  
Have Mercy on my Saal, Loord Gode;  
As I would do, if I were Gode,  
And ye were *Martin Eltinbrode*.

*An Epitaph upon John Button.*

**H**ere lies *John Button*—Heavens and  
Poles!  
Are Graves become but Button-holes!

*An Elegy upon the Battle of Landen.*

**O** that my Lungs might bleat, like but-  
ter'd Peas,  
And eke with Bleating catch the Itch,  
To be as mangy as the *Irish* Seas,  
Engendring Wind-mills and a melted Witch!  
I grant that drunken Rainbows, lull'd asleep,  
Snort like *Welch* Hooks in Ladies Eyes;  
Which made them vex to see a Pudding creep,  
For creeping Puddings only please the wise.  
Not that a Hard-row'd Herring should presume  
To swing a Tythe-pig in a Cat-skin Purse,  
For fear the Hail-stones which did fall at *Rome*,  
By less'ning of the Fall, might make it worse.  
For

For 'tis most certain, Winter Wool-sacks grow  
 From Geese to Swans, if Men could keep 'em so.  
 Till that Sheep-shorn Planet gave the Hint  
 To pickle Pancakes in *Geneva* Print,  
 Some Men there were, who did suppose the Sky  
 Was made of Carbonado'd Antidotes;  
 But my Opinion is, a Whale's left Eye  
 Need not be coin'd All in King *Harry's* Groats.  
 The Reason's plain; for *Charon's Western-barge*  
 Running full Tilt at the Subjunctive Mood,  
 Becken'd to *Landen* Fight, and gave a Charge  
 To fatten Padlocks with Antartick Food.  
 Now the End will be, that Mill-pools must  
 be laded,

To fish for White-pots in a Country Dance,  
 That those who had the Wrong, and were  
 upbraided,  
 May be made Friends in a Left-handed Trance.

These Authorities may be sufficient,  
 though 'tis with utmost Difficulty that I  
 restrain my self from throwing in a  
 hundred or two more, having (if it may  
 be allow'd me to speak for

*See Dryden's Preface  
 to his Fables, or to  
 any other of his Works  
 that you please.*

*much in my own Commenda-  
 tion) perhaps as fruit-  
 ful an Invention for this*

*sort of Quotations,* as most of my Co-  
 temporaries; which the World should

see,

see, were it not that I want due Encouragement to labour in that way; the Pension allow'd me by our Grandees being so slender, that the few vacant Hours, which can be stole from my necessary Duties, of spreading Lies against the Church and Monarchy, I am forc'd to consume in such Studies as bring in more of Gain than of Fame; and accordingly shall now immediately endeavour to find my way back again to the Subject we have just deviated from, and left almost out of sight.

From the foregoing Conclusions 'tis as plain as can be wish'd, how very Absurd some Persons are in their Expressions, who talk of an Infancy, Minority or Non-age of the World, and seem to suppose that the several Periods of it run in a just Analogy to the ordinary Stages of Human Life; improving at first 'till Years of Maturity come on, then after a while, declining again into a second State of Puerility. Now the Truth of the Case without Dispute is this, that the Age of Nature does not proceed Parallel to that of common Men, but resembles

sembles the Condition of *Adam*, who as  
 Dr. *Duport* in his Sermon concerning the  
 Longevity of the *Ante-Diluvians*, has  
 very Reasonably and Ingeniously con-  
 jectur'd, was created about four or five  
 and twenty Years old ; so that he might  
 soon pass into a State of Declension, or  
 gradual Tendency towards the Imbec-  
 cillity of Age. The World in like man-  
 ner being brought out of Nothing im-  
 mediately into its full Perfection, more  
 Probably in *June* than, as some have  
 imagin'd, in *Autumn*, after a short Con-  
 tinuance, enter'd upon its Decay ; began  
 to languish in the Sprightliness of its  
 Beauty, to fade, and then wither ; nor  
 shall its Course compleat any more than  
 three Seasons, Spring being excluded by  
 the Will of Fates, who have decreed  
 that it shall run no farther than Winter  
 but perish by *Antiperistasis* of Heat and  
 Cold, about *December* of the *Platonic*  
 or Great, Year of Years. This is what  
 is said by Learned *Platonists* to account  
 for the growing Depravity of the World  
 other *Philosophers* explain the same  
*Phanomenon*, each in his manner, ac-

cording

According to the *Hypothesis* he is engaged to.

*The Epicureans are subdivided into two Sects; the one hold that the Past and Future are equally Excellent at an equal Distance, and endeavouring to prove their Tenet by the allow'd Veracity of our Sences, form their Argument in this manner.*

EVERY Thing Is just as it appears; now 'tis certain Things appear the Greater, the farther they are from us; this they several ways demonstrate, and call even the Sun and Moon to witness, both which are evidently larger in Circumference at their Rising and Setting, than at Noon while they hang over our Heads, and are nearer (especially to those that live within a few Degrees of the Line) by many a fair Mile. Now by Parity of Reason, say they, the Happiness of the Present Time, or such Times as are not far distant, must of necessity seem less, and consequently be so, than the Past, or Future, Felicity of a Setting, or a Rising World. The

The other Party pretend that the whole World must always be in a gradual and growing Declension, because all the very Atoms of which it consists, are forever in a declining Condition; and that more and more violent every Age; as we learn from undoubted Records, that they *declined* more in *Epicurus* his time, than they did in the Days of *Democritus*.

As for the *Stoicks*, who are implacable Enemies to *Epicurus*, and all his Doctrines and Disciples, they assure us that Men are become miserable only by growing so besotted as to think Pain can do them any Hurt; whereas if they were but wise enough to love Pain and Pleasure alike, or to esteem Pain the more Eligible and Pleasant of the two—Why they might live as happy as their Ancestors ever did before them.

The *Chymists* believe that Time carries in it a very strong *Menstruum*, which debases the Purest Metals into the Grössest; has depre-  
 ated the *Mundane Secul*  
 from Gold to Iron, and

*See Boyle's Orig. of  
Forms and Qualities.*

pro



proceeds to corrupt even the latter, by a certain Tincture infus'd into it of a Corrosive and Venomous Quality, by which it frets and maligns it self.

The Doctors of the Faculty, like their Brethren of the *Corpuscularian* Philosophy, are also at Daggers drawing about the Vitiating of the *Serum temporis*; some supposing that the Virtue of it evaporates through the Rapidity of its Motion, others offering to demonstrate, that the Fault lies in its Sluggishness; that it begins to move too heavily, and tends violently towards a *Stagnation*. For the several *Hypothesis* concerning the *Heart-burning Acid*, the *Alkali*, and the *Nausea Temporis*, *vide* my next Volume; in which also shall be faithfully explain'd the Opinion of the *Aristotelians*, who impute all to the continual Rarefaction of substantial Forms, by the intense Heat of the *Sub-concavo-lunary* Fire. Therein I shall likewise dilate upon the *Pythagorean* Doctrine concerning the Abstracted Number, which they hold to be the Quintessence of Things. But, Whether any of these Suppositions be the true Account, is more

L than

than I dare offer to determine; or, Whether it be that the World is the worse for *Keeping*, like a Barrel of Oysters, or like the late Lord C——r, and other unthrifty Fornicators; Whether it takes after the Microcosm that governs it, and equally affects to be

—— *Laudator temporis acti*  
*Se primos Numerante annos.*—

Whether the old Cavalier with the Hour-glass and Scythe grows more and more

*Difficilis, morosus*—

querulous and untoward, the more he grows in Years, and loses of his Sand; Whether Time and Eternity bear Analogy to a River and the Ocean, the former rising pure at first, but becoming more and more turbid in its Course, till receiv'd again into the same Abyss, whence it took its Beginning; Whether the Felicity of an *Age*, like that of a *Hero*, depends entirely upon *future Fame*, or the After-judgment of succeeding Ages.  
 How.

However this be, it is undoubtedly true, that there are some five or six Persons, at least, in the World, who disbelieve the matter of Fact, and seem to be of the Sect of *Sceptick* Philosophers. You will be surpriz'd to hear what Paradoxical Notions these strange sort of People have set up. First, they pretend that former Times were, one with another, as bad as the present; and future Times also are like to be so, the World being never without Reason to complain of bad Times, if Complaints were to any Purpose towards making them better. For if former Ages have not suffer'd so much of the same Grievances which ours is troubled with, they have had others of their own, which we are insensible of; and all Vices have reigned in their Turns, like Diseases or Fashions, according as mortal Men are pleas'd to change, and grow weary of one after another. Hence they would infer, that for a Man of the present Generation to tumble over worm-eaten Volumes, and hunt up and down Chronology, in quest of a better Time than

this which keeps him alive, is to imitate the restlessness of a Bed-ridden Patient, who when displeas'd, or grown out of conceit with his present Posture of Affairs, rumbles and takes Pains all in vain, to settle his crazy Tabernacle in some other Situation that shall please him longer.

Nor was I less restless in Mind during the Course of these sorrowful Meditations, till *Morpheus* in great Compassion step'd in to my Relief, and not only gave me present Ease, but an infallible Amulet against any Relapse; as will be more clearly understood by perusing the next Section, if you have but any tolerable good Success attending you in your Studies.

*Qui sit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quod sibi Tempus  
Sors dedit, hoc vivat contentus?*

—— *O utinam inter*

*Heroes natum tellus me Prima tulisset!  
O Tempori! O Moribus!*

*Hæc Rhombus sapiens, hæc Janus summus  
ab imo*

*Personat.——*

*Per-*

*Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat  
 Democritus---fato nostrum delatus in ævum  
 Si foret, ad risum pulmones mille, genæque,  
 Pectoris æs triplex, centenorum & laterum vis  
 Ferrea deficeret. Quid si vidisset Elisam,  
 (Vidisset tantum) geminumve (heu Reptile  
 carmen!*

*Heu mites animos vatis, Musæq; sequacis!)  
 Arthurum, pietate bonum & fulgentibus  
 armis?*

*Arthuri Æneæq; manu victoria vatum  
 Hæret Græcorum; mala plurima passus  
 uterque;*

*Æmulus Arthurus, terris jactatus & alto,  
 Vi Bavii, ob Musarum iram, invitaque  
 Minervæ.*

*Tanta molis erat spoliare Æneida sensu.*

### S E C T. XXX.

*A Section for which after deep Study, and  
 Sollicitude of Brain many Days together,  
 the Author could devise no manner of  
 Title.*

**A**T length my Intellectual Part  
 quite drooping under the Pressure,  
 began to retire from the sensible World,

and would have resign'd it self into the dark State of Incogitancy, had not Father *Malebranche* appear'd, in the very Instant, to divert it from that Inclination. I had never seen him before, but found an *Innate Idea* to know him by,

*If we had not an Innate Idea of a Circle, &c. saith Mr. Norris, we could never acquire an Idea of a Circle by seeing material Circles.*

without which I could never have known him by any Description, or even Sight of his Person. After a few Compliments (which 'tis

neither decent, nor civil, to omit upon such Occasions, whether Waking or Dreaming) he told me it was the Respect he had for a Person of my extraordinary Merits, that brought him thither to intrude upon my Privacy; that he knew the Grounds of my *present* Discontent, and would instantly remove them, by taking me into a better World, where I should be put in Possession of entire Felicity; where every Man had Riches and Honour, Wit and Beauty as much as could enter into his Wishes, or his very Imaginations. I concluded this Blessed World could be no other but

That

That call'd the *Ideal*, and therefore  
 growing impatient to be upon the Voy-  
 age, began to look about for my Wings.  
 They were a very strong and a new  
 Pair; and such I had Reason to provide  
 my self with, having long owed, and  
 design'd, a Visit to an old Acquaintance,  
 who has been settled some Years at *Co-*  
*pernicus* in the Moon; a very rich and  
 delightful Country as any in those Parts,  
 but a great way from my Lodgings in  
*Barbican*. Now I very well understood  
 by my *Innate Idea* of the Ideal World,  
 that the said World must certainly lie in  
 some of the Lunar *Regions*, or at least,  
 that we must take the Moon in our way  
 towards it. Notwithstanding which,  
 the Father order'd me to leave my  
 Wings behind, for they would be a  
 mighty Hindrance to me in Flying, and  
 he would undertake for my safe and easy  
 Conveyance without them; only I must  
 needs give my self up entirely to his  
 Guidance, and also submit to be hood-  
 wink'd; Nay, if my Desire was to be-  
 come a true Philosopher, by seeing the  
 Ideal World to the best Advantage, there  
 was

was nothing so proper or expedient as to put out my Eyes. For this he alledged Examples, both his own, and of many other Philosophers of famous Memory ; moreover assuring me, the only Reason of imposing this Condition, was the great Inconvenience that arises from the Use of our Senses ; for, 'tis Sense continued he, that is the great Impediment to Knowledge and Enemy to Philosophy ; for Alas—we should find our Eyes infinitely sharper, if it were not for Light ; nay we should see even Ideas themselves, did not this Outward Light stand in the way. I greatly fear that it must remain a Doubt in History, whether I was more surpris'd by the Novelty of this Philosophy, or satisfi'd by the Clearness of it ; 'tis certain that I was struck with great Admiration, and likewise receiv'd entire Satisfaction ; as every thing that comes from Father *Malebranche* is new, and admirable, and clear, and satisfactory. Upon this, I immediately banded over my Eyes with my own Hands, and then deliver'd them up to my Guide, that he might pull me along



along behind him ; treading sometimes upon his Heels, and sometimes pushing him forward out of Eagerness.

Not with more Alacrity did the Trojan Hero, of old, and the Cuman Goddess, pursue their Journey, upon a like Occasion ; nor shall their Fame be more celebrated among late Posterity.

*See Virgil's  
sixth Æneis.*

And now—Stand off O ye *Prophane* *Vulgar* ; presume not to pry into the mysterious Secrets of Truth uncreated ; pollute not with one impious Glance the pure, and radiant, Scenes of *Invisible Light* that are coming on, ye that have your *Intellects imbodied*, or *immerst in Matter*, and *defiled by the Contagion of Sense*.

But You, Sacred Shades, that *inhabit inaccessible Inanity* ; You *Extatick Dreams*, *Plastick Imaginations* and *Beatifick Frenzies* ; Parents of the intelligible Universe : You illuminated Genio's, Hero's intellectual, Sages unbodied, profound Necromancers, transcendent Visionaries ; Guardians of the System of *superlunary* *Essences* : All Ye revered Powers, Ye  
flee

fleet and aiery Inhabitants, indigenar  
and Born-Members of that Archetypal  
*Republick*; Conceits, Whimsies, Hopes  
Fears, Caprices and Chimera's, with all  
other sovereign Disposers and Guides of  
human Conceptions, Designs and At-  
tempts; Grant me now your kindly In-  
fluence; permit me without Offence, to  
bring to Light Things envelop'd in an-  
cient Darkness, and veil'd from human  
Minds by the Interposition of blind  
Reason.

*Of Truth, Prejudice, Delusion, Plato's Re-  
publick, Epicurus's Atoms, Blount's  
Oracles, Baxter's Divinity, Collier's  
Essays, Pilgrim's Progress, Crum's  
Comfort, and Mr. D——'s Epistolary  
Discourse.*

**W**E travel'd on very Lovingly  
together, and pass'd thro' a  
Labyrinth (as I have since learnt) that  
has a single Path leading to *Truth*, but  
ten Thousand that draw you away  
from it.

*Hic labor ille domus, & inextricabilis error,  
Qui fertur cecis Ambages, ancipitemque  
Mille viis habuisse dolum quo signa sequendi  
Falleres.*——

Among these there are many that carry a Man wrong the first Step he takes, and others that proceed some Length in the Right Course, and then turn aside from *Truth*, after having far advanc'd towards it. Each of them spreads into infinite Subdivisions, which running out every way at random, do often interfere and twine among themselves; so that one may imagine them to resemble either the Multiplicity of Tracks in a Wilderness, or the Propagation of Veins in an Animal, or rather the Branches of a Tree, which issue from the Trunk at different Heights; as secondary Branches do also shoot out from them; and others still less, from these, in the same manner, frequently confounding themselves with one another.

*Nam saepe Alterius ramos impune videmus  
Flectere in Alterius.*——

It

It would be too long to enumerate all the Casualties that are incident to Men in this Labyrinth; causing them so frequently to deviate from the Sight of *Truth*, and run after *Delusions*. Many are bias'd aside by the Tendency of their own Nature; many are wrong directed at first, and turn'd a-wandering by false Guides. Great Numbers mistake their way thro' Inadvertency, Precipitation, or Confidence, and bear others along with them in the Crowd. Not a few are led astray by a kind of Ignorance *Fatui*, or dazled by Appearances of Truth in the grossest Falsities, like *Parbelij*, or Images of the Sun imprest upon a Cloud. Some pursue Shadows, and lose the way in a Dream; some are corrupted by Bribes, and consent either to have themselves blinded, or misled with their Eyes open. Habit facilitates their Proceeding, and Pride swells them to an incapacity of returning.

These Prejudices, and a thousand others, and a thousand Species of each are the Emissaries of Error, that continually lie in wait to spirit away our Discernment.

scernment, and seduce us from our true Guide, faithful and circumspect Reason. Hereby they have distracted Mankind into a Confusion of Sects, Philosophical and Religious; setting opposite Parties to demonstrate Contradictions, and reproach each other with equal Justice, as well as Ignorance and Obstinacy. These drill'd on *Democritus* into an Abyss of Atoms, and have carry'd the *Platonists* from an *Ideal Republick* to a Universe of the same No-nature.

In my sixteenth or seventeenth Volume you will find a most accurate Map of this famous Labyrinth, wherein shall be faithfully delineated the Traces of all wandring Philosophers that have been since the Deluge; and of those in particular, who have ventur'd upon that Subject.

—— *Pelago dare vela patienti.*

For, of the *Antediluvians* no Foot-steps are now remaining.

M

—Nil

— Nil dulcius est bene quam munita tueri  
 Edita doctrinâ sapientum Templâ serena,  
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimq; videre  
 Errare, atque viam palantes querere visa.

— Nil tam absurdum quin a Philosophis  
 assereretur.

Quid tam vulgare quam desipere?

— Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

One Characteristick observed, by which the  
 Path of Truth is distinguish'd from  
 others.

THE Path that leads to Truth, is  
 said to be the only one, in this  
 Intellectual Labyrinth, that gives  
 Man any solid Ground to proceed on, or  
 support himself steadily. This, had  
 known in it time, would have damped all  
 the fond Thoughts that I was possessed  
 with of my *Ideal Voyage*; for the way  
 I was conducted there was seldom any  
 Footing at all to be felt under me.  
 I often thought my self treading the Air.  
 Sometimes by way of ordinary Steps, but

more

more frequently skipping by uncertain Intervals, and springing forward I knew not how.

*Vadentem equavi patrem—*

*non passibus Aequis.*

*Of the Cartesian World and its Vortices.*

*The Perfection of a Vortex. An extra-*

*ordinary Way of Travelling. What*

*happen'd to me in my Voyage, and to my*

*Head. Of Gravitation. Our Arrival*

*at the Ideal World. Our Reception there.*

*Several Symptoms and Properties of Ide-*

*ality. My Guides Complaisance. The*

*calesying Quality, and remarkable Nature*

*of a good Fire.*

**T**HE Vortex of the *Intelli-*

*gible World*, like every

*According to  
Mr. Norris.*

thing else that appertains to

it, is infinitely more perfect than any

Vortex, Whirl-pool, or Whirl-gig that

our Sensible World can boast of; now

this Perfection consists in such a Rapi-

dity *cui nihil deest ad constituendum sum-*

M 2

Esse

*Esse.* As soon as we came within the Sphere of its *Activity*, you may imagine it was some Surprize to find my self very Gravely turning round upon my own *Axis*; which to me was a strange way of proceeding, and very much against my Inclination, having never travell'd in that *manner* before. And this *probably* might be the Reason that my Brain was seiz'd with a most violent Sickness; as if a great Number of Windmills had been very diligently at work within it; and I verily perswade my self, that there is no going over to the *Ideal World* without being so affected. We were easily suckt down by the Vortex; as you may guess that weighty Bodies have no great Appetite to resist in that Case; being seldom known so obstinate as to insist upon nothing, or fly upwards when they are mov'd to the contrary. My vertiginous Circumstances of Brain were not in the least abated by the continued Rolling of my Person, which grew more violent as we descended. At last I descri'd something that seem'd to be a Scull, and was making very discernible

Cir-



Circumvolutions about its own Center. My Guide bid me welcome to the *Intelligible World*, and immediately we were at it; for this Scull was no other than the Shell of it, or the *Ideal Scull*. It is the *Archetype* of all Real Sculls, and a Promptuary of all *Ideas* whatsoever; from which, as from a never-failing Spring-Head, they are constantly drawn forth into Things; each at its appointed time, when summon'd by Fate to exert it self, and put on *Real Existence*. Within the *Cranium*, tho' for certain there is little or nothing of Brains, yet 'tis thought, there is the *Idea* of Brains, which is altogether as good, and accounted even far Preferable by the more subtile and refin'd *Species* of Philosophers. I saw also the *Ideas* of two Eyes; the Pupil of the one just discover'd it self peeping from behind the Lid, like the Sun half-set; but the other had turn'd its self quite inward. From this I concluded that if they had any Sight at all, they must see things *Double*. However, they were evidently more Perfect than *Real Eyes*; for the Perfection does not consist

in external Seeing, but in pleasing the internal Sight; now these were endued with a very shining Jetts, which may be esteem'd the true Emblem of *Illuminating Darkness*; and if they were not cleared themselves, that was compensated by a more rare and admirable Virtue; for both of them were transparent, and might clearly be *seen through*. My Guide propos'd to my Choice, whether I would content my self with a distant View, or make Application for personal Admittance. We might take a Prospect conveniently thro' those Inlets of Sight, whereas there was no way to enter, but along the same *Ductus*, by which all kind of Vapours insinuate into the *Pentecost* of human Head. I declin'd the Proposal of getting in, being come only upon Likeing, and loth to be initiated at a Venture; conceiving also that for the present, it would be satisfaction enough to make my Observations at a distance. Thereupon we fix'd each at his Post, like two considerable Leeches; my Guide giving me as a Stranger the Compliment of his Right-hand. In this Po-

sition were we rowl'd about by the Rotation of the Scull, so that (if you are in a very good Humour, and willing to over-look a small Disproportion in point of Magnitude) you may conceive us to have resembled either two Spots in a Planet, or a brace of Flies, should they chuse to plant themselves, for the Benefit of a warm Fire, upon some convenient part of a Goose as 'tis roasting.

— *Sic parvis componere magna solebam,  
Mollia sic duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.*

— *O te felicem, Bollane, cerebri,  
Cui caput assidua fervet vertigine raptum?  
Ceu quondam torto volitans sub verbere  
turbo.*

*The Address, or Kentish Petition.*

**T**O *Cupid* I, address'd my Prayer,  
Cruel *Cupid* would not hear;  
Then *Venus* I, invok'd with Tears,  
Cruel *Venus* stopp'd her Ears;  
Now to fair *Sylvia*, Hapless Swain,  
I fly to tell my amorous Pain.

*Syl.*

*Sylvia*, like *Venus*, could bestow  
 The fairest Nymph the World can show;  
 Fate still depends on Either's Will;  
 Kind or Cruel, they can kill.  
 For did not *Venus* once destroy,  
 By granted Bliss, the *Trojan* Boy?  
 But loving *Corydon* must dye,  
 If *Sylvia* should the Bliss deny.

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## S E C T. XIII.

To Mrs. C——s.

*Epitaph on a Maiden-head.*

## I.

**B**ENEATH these Stones intomb'd, is laid,  
 Something that was a Maiden-head.  
 That Word alone doth here lie dead,  
 Whose Substance into Nought is fled.  
 Does any ask me how I lost my Breath?  
 I broke a fatal Vein, and bled to Death.

## II. Some

## II.

Some think (and 'tis a common Fame)  
 That I (howe'er a Place I claim  
 With Beings of Substantial Frame)  
 Am but a Nothing with a Name.  
 Else Man did my Reality create,  
 Since he alone can it annihilate.

## III.

Yet I, the Guardian of the Zone,  
 (While such) unbuckled it to none;  
 But since that I am dead and gone,  
 The wincing Minor hurries on :  
 Lavish of Love, at once turns Prodigal,  
 And Spend-thrift-like keeps open House  
 for All.

## SECT. XXXIII.

*Of Payment in Part, together with fair  
 Promises.*

**T**HUS was I conducted, and thus  
 have I faithfully conducted my  
 very good Friend, the Reader, to the  
 Place

Place propos'd at our setting out. He must not expect that I should now go on in the same manner, or undertake to lead him thro' all the Discoveries I have there made.

*Non mihi si Linguae centum—*

*Ferrea vox—*

*Ferrea latera, &c.*

*Non mihi si ἀργυρὰ τοῦτο ἔχει (\*hen!) Αἴλιος.*

There are many Things of the Production of the *Ideal* World, which have this unhappy Property adhering to their Essence, that they can never be of any use to poor Mortals in the *Way* of Reason; neither can they become any way Agreeable to their Sense and Understanding. As for the rest, in my several Volumes upon this Subject, which in due time are to be forth-coming, there shall be deduced a large account of whatever is Remarkable. The fourth Volume shall present you with the History of the *Ideal* Commonwealth, their Policy, Discipline, Constitution, present Security and flourish.

• *Metri Gratia.*

ing Condition; what severe Cognisance they take of traiterous Ministers; what Speed they use in dispatching Affairs, especially in *Nice Extreems*, and how they suppress all Teachers and Nurseries of Sedition.

The fifth shall contain a true account of their excellent Attainments in all Arts and Sciences, and more particularly of their Architecture, *i. e.* their Method of erecting Castles upon Aerial and Pensile Foundations; which are Edifices of such a Nature, as may truly deserve a place among the Wonders of the Ideal World.

In the sixth Volume you shall find a Dissertation concerning their manner of Conversing, Thinking, Dreaming and Propagating their Kind.

These, and many other Particulars shall, with my Country's Leave, be refer'd to the said subsequent Volumes; towards compleating of which, I shall call in all the Assistance that can be drawn from *Iamblicus, Porphyry, Celsus, Suarez, Spinoza, Moor, Hobbes, Glanvil, Fox, Pen, Bourignon, Asgyl, Mendez*  
Pinto,

*Pinto*, King *Oberon's* *Pneumatologia*, and the two *Orthodox B——s*; besides many other *Luminaries* of *Philosophy*, *Authors* and *Benefactors* to the ancient and famous *Corporation* of *Letters*. At present the sensible *World* must be contented with a *Specimen* of those curious and inestimable *Rarities*, that will in time be imported from the *Ideal*, and become common among us.

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### S E C T. XXXI.

*The Raree-Show describ'd according to the Author's Innate Idea, he having never had the Honour to be otherwise acquainted with it. Hereby is made appear the Perfection of such Ideas, and a Parallel introduc'd between the Raree-Show and the Ideal World.*

**H**AVE you not at any time inspected the travelling *Theater*, or little *inanimate World Erratick*? Have you not penetrated into the *System* of *Rare Wonders*, which either the *Art* of *plastrick*



stick Nature, or the prudent Architect's  
*Dadalean* Hand, has enclos'd in that  
 magnificent Frame of Things, circum-  
 fusing the exterior Regions with a *solid*  
*Atmosphere* of Oak *Dodonean*, or of *Bri-*  
*tish* Pastboard?

Thus constituted, it has erst been seen  
 to move aloft, and in slow Procession,  
 thro' the spacious Ways of some re-  
 nownd *Metropolis*, *Mosco* or *Pekin*, or  
 where *St. Patrick's* Shrine is visited by  
 Paludigenous Wight, *Donblinion*; while  
*Phabus* from his Eminence, with busy  
 Rays play'd round the Surface, curious  
 to peep into the absconded Scenes, and  
 view this new-form'd Universe; so  
 emulous of the Old, and celebrated by  
 Fame among the Stars. But they, who  
 dwell in those calm and peaceful Regi-  
 ons, want not his Beams, enjoying more  
 refulgent Day within from their own  
 Lucid Sky,

— *solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

Nor has it not been seen defixt, or  
 erected conspicuous, in the Center of

N

some

some populous *Forum*; the *Arvonian Mart*, or annual Wake of *Morganumia*, ancient *Town*, high famed. Nor fails it there to be encircl'd by attending Multitudes of judicious and inquisitive Sages, Burgers, Burgomasters, Aldermen; aged Counsellors and potent Magistrates, that crou'd and press, and struggle to satisfy their impatient Thirst after *true Knowledge*, by contemplating the *internal Constitution*, or *real Essence* of such an amazing and portentous Phenomenon. The sullen Officer, by Fates appointed Guardian of this sacred Treasure, still mindful of that great Trust, and the Duty of his Administration, stays of the rash and eager Clients, all inexorable to their vain Intreaties, rebuking, menacing, and chastising each audacious or unqualify'd Intruder; but admits in due Order, according to their Rights of Precedence, those Favourites of the Stars, that can give in for Credentials an Authentick Medal of the Face Royal, or Portraiture of the King's Person legally copied out on Metal genuine of *Corinth*.

There

There lies near the Equator of this Mundane Fabrick, a private Aperture or *Hiatus*, wrought, as it is reasonably suppos'd, by the Force of penetrating Heat, or violent Perustion ; where, by Virtue of a certain *Pellucid Quality*, the *Species Intentionales* are freely transmitted and pass to and fro at pleasure. Hither is directed each dignified Virtuoso, to make his so desired Speculations ; he bows himself approaching Submissive, and lifts off the wide Circumference of his renident and pinguedinous Bonnet, in Token of Reverence to the Guardian's Person and Office.

No sooner has this *Inquisitive* rightly fix'd the *Telescope of his ocular Vision*, but immediate Astonishment and Confusion surrounds him ; nor can he suddenly believe the Testimony of his own Sense, That the same individual *Body*, whose external *Phases* represented it as a Cabinet of portatile Nature and exiguous Dimensions, should prove upon a closer Survey, to be *really* of such a prodigious Profundity within ; where even *Lycean* Sight would lose it self, in a

more boundless Expanse than the Horizon of the open Heavens could spread out, either from the Ætherial Achme of *Teneriffe*, or the snowy Mountains of *Melambai*. The Speculator continues Speechless, entranced and incredulous, 'till what time exerting his inspective Faculties with more resolute and violent Attention, his Doubts all vanish by the perfect Discernment of undoubted Realities; lofty Mountains, naked Rocks, fierce Savages, bloody Armies, tow'ring Cities, rapid Streams, flowery Dales, beauteous Nymphs, loving Swains, besides Feastings, Fightings, Caballings, treacherous Practices, and barbarous Assassinations. Nor does the faithful and knowing Keeper forget to expound the Nature of these surprizing Objects, or to set forth their famous Histories, by declaring the most secret Thoughts, Plots, Projects, wise Counsels and wicked Machinations of every General, King or Emperour, that shows himself in any Transaction of Affairs; all which this great and experienc'd Minister, by his wonderful Sagacity, either Natural or

Ac-

Acquired, does as perfectly lay open as if he were versed in Astrology, or could see into the inmost Recesses of their very Hearts.

Mean while his Hand so delicate and skilful, is observ'd to have strange Influence on a certain Machin of stendid Steel, attrite by Use (what will not Use atteare!) and of versatile Form reflex. Which actuated by over-ruling Impulse, flies round describing Circles swift, unnumber'd and delusive of the Eye; and works rare Melody Delectable and Jocund, by Sympathetick Power,

On golden Wires enchanted, dancing Keys,  
Or tuneful Spheres unseen, that answer sweet  
In various Tone, solacing human Ears,  
Arrest, nor Impotent to sooth the Mind,  
All lost in turbid Wonder at such Sight.  
Of Visions *strange* and *new*; or to demulce  
Beholder's Bowels, when at trait'rous Deed  
Descry'd, or tragick Spectacle, he weeps  
In tender Sort, and sore aggriev'd, makes Moan  
Piteous to hear; or when indignant Ire  
Rises with boisterous Fury to revenge  
Foul Villany, and rip the Traitor's Heart.

*Sic primo medium, medio sic discrepet imum,  
Ut fiat sermo modo tristis, saepe jocosus.*

*The several Particulars of the foregoing Section apply'd. The Raree-show prov'd to be an Emblem of the Ideal World. How the Governour of it may represent Father Malebranche. How they both agree in their method of Instruction and Philosophising. That the Ideal Spheres Equipol to the Raree Musick.*

**J**UDGE now, by your own Experience of this surprising Spectacle, how I was Wonder-struck to behold a new Universe beautiful and immense, opening it self so suddenly to my View; and within a Scull of no larger Proportions, than might have fitted a good reasonable Giant.

Imagine how my Guide's paternal Care explain'd the Scenes Ideal, and my *curious Eye* directed, to survey original Forms *naked of Being*, and unessential Essences, Specifick or Generical, that lye for ever buried dark and deep, in the unfathom'd Womb of bottomless and inexhausted *Nothing*.

Nor did the intelligible Orbs surcease  
 their Raree Harmony, but blest my  
 Ear with Song unutterable, (not carnal  
 Ear, but that which inly hears the gentle  
 Whispers and still Voice of Truth, in  
 Philosophick Slumbers) nor does its  
 Loudness drown the Harmony in Si-  
 lence, as of old of Chrystal Spheres by  
 learned Sage was sung. For *Who* is  
 with the Faculty endued of innate  
 Deafness, here has Priviledge undoubted  
 to enjoy the rapturous Song.

(hear  
 Even Deafness 'self has equal Power to  
 Th' Ideal Musick of Ideal Spheres.

*Obscuris vera involvens.*

---

## S E C T. XXXII.

*A short Apostrophe to the Ideal World,  
 wherein all the principal Matters are ex-  
 plain'd by the Bye.*

**H**AIL to the happy Mansion of se-  
 parated and quintessential Truth,  
 the serene and bright-shining Region of  
 intel-

intelligible Light and Glory! Welcome thou, my dear Reader, that hast travelled with me thus far, and art now safe arriv'd, and already much enlighten'd in thy Intellectuals. Thanks to the good Father for his Guidance, and Thanks to thee for thy good Company, without which all my Attempts had been Unsuccessful, my Travel void of Satisfaction. I know and can evidently read it in thy Countenance, how thy Heart is ravish'd, and beginning to bless the Hour that brought thee to my Acquaintance. But with what Gesticulation, what Elocution, shall we signify the Emotions of our Spirits, express our Joy, and proclaim our Raptures? Shall we fall into a Trance together, or shall we leap out of our *Essences* for very Gladness? See the very intelligible Theorist is at hand in our Necessity, to teach the impetuous Motions of mirifick Exultation.

*Here the contemplative Eye is saluted with a fair and beautiful Prospect of a bright and glorious World, as with the Rays of a rising*

*See Theory of  
Ideal World,  
P. I. P. 133.*



rising Sun, shooting forth Beams of stream-  
 ing Glory, bringing Light enough with it  
 of its own from its Eastern Treasures, to  
 render its Beauty visible, and to charm them  
 that behold it. And now we may say 'tis  
 Day all abroad, a serene and refulgent Day,  
 now our intellectual Sun is up, that shining  
 Orb of Ideal Light, the great Luminary of  
 Spirits, and bright Mirror of Intelligences.  
 We carry forth our View into the Regions of  
 Truth, and can descry the very Basis and Foun-  
 dation upon which it stands, Pillars upon which  
 Wisdom has built her magnificent and stately  
 Fabrick. They are the eternal Essences of  
 things, which we view in our World of Ideas,  
 or intelligible World, all shining with the  
 Light and Glory of essential and substantial  
 Truth. The only World that is eternal;  
 that was in the Beginning, and yet never be-  
 gan, that was never made, and can never  
 perish, neither subject to Time, nor Chance,  
 nor Alteration, where are those Essences of  
 things, that are neither generated nor cor-  
 rupted, which had their orderly System when  
 the Earth was without Form and Void, and  
 shone forth in full Light and Lustre, when  
 Darkness was yet over the Face of the Deep,  
 and

and should still persevere what they are, tho' this sensible All were reduc'd either to Chaos or Nothing, where there is Substance without Shadow, (that is, where we are all in the Dark) *Act without Capacity* (i. e. where a Man does more than he can) and *Light without Darknefs*.

And will not this convince Mr. Dodwel, that Light and Darknefs are Persons of different Opinions, and the most opposite Parties? Does not he see what Antipathy has been rais'd between them, purely by this unhappy Disagreement in their Principles? Let him try his own Skill, exert his whole Eloquence, and see if by any means he can perswade them to *set their Horses together* (as no less a Man than our *English Varro*, expresses the thing.) And after all, if he should succeed thus far, yet it would be ineffectual to his Purpose; for such is their untoward and sullen Obstinacy, that whenever they are brought to an Interview, nothing comes on't but Squabbling and falling foul upon one another: the Darkness immediately sets a dazzling the Light without Mercy, and the Light

on the other side, if it have not Strength to eclipse the Darkness, yet annoys it more spitefully another way, and forces it to shine, whether it will or no, in a most wonderful manner.

*An impartial Enquiry into the Etymology, Orthography, and various Acceptations, of the Particle Least or Left, adorn'd with 5 or 6000 Quotations out of lost MSS. in Foreign, as well as English, Libraries. A Work very useful for all Criticks and Students in Casuistical Philology, inscrib'd to Dr. ΠΗΧ. Βίσλ. by his τὸς humil. and τὸς obeiss. ΔΟΥΛ. and most votat. and ossequiosiss. Ammirat.*

Gabriel 'Ιωαννίδ.

**I**N this World, we are now visiting,  
there is not to be found any thing  
so mean and despicable as *Things*, but  
pure *Essences* only.

Here Entity and Quiddity,  
The Ghosts of Defunct Bodies fly;  
And Truth in Person does appear,  
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.  
Even

Even Error in the Ideal World, is Truer than whatever is most True in the Sensible. Nor is it any Wonder, that Truth should be here in Person, when very Personality in Person, and the Person also of Personality of the Personality of the Person of Personality is here to be seen in Person. All other things have only the *Shadow* of a Person, whereas this is the True, the only True, *Substantial*, Compleat Person; and a very Charming Person it is indeed. Here is likewise to be seen simple Visibilty, the Optick Glass intelligible, the *Actus Purus*, or eternal Essence, by which all things are seen; and therefore 'tis easy to conclude, how plainly it must needs be seen it self. O thou Visible of Visibles! Thou Queen Regent of glorify'd Glory! Thou superlative and untransmountable Visibilty! You Hæcceiteity of Hæcceity, Idea of Ideality, and Thou also, O great and celebrated Non-Entity of all high and mighty Not-Beings, disemboogie your unsubstantial Vacuity; shed forth the genial Rays of your incommunicable Impotence upon the *Glandula Pinealis*.

of my Ideal Essence ; enabling me to see all things that are, and all things also that may be, nay and even those things themselves, which never were nor can be, and have therefore by blind and barbarous Anti-Idealists been abus'd, just as if they were *so many nothings*, and had no manner of Intelligence.

*How the Countess of Z——x fell upon the Turkish Fleet a-horse-back. How she overtook the same at St. Omers, and put them to flight with a Cross-Bow.*

THE next Observation we shall oblige you with, will in all likelihood be that which follows. 'Tis well known, how the sensible World is disfigur'd by innumerable Blemishes, and a misshapen Brood of Monsters, that affront all the Laws of Nature, and disgust the judicious Observer. Now in the *Ideal* World, on the contrary, every Species keeps to its just Proportions, and never appears distorted, in any Instance, or otherwise than exactly as it should be.

O

There

There might you behold all shining, unsullied and compleat, the Essences of every Virtue and Grace, of Love and of Beauty; which, in the sequel of my Works, shall be drawn at full Length. Nay, the *naked* Essence of Deformity itself is so exquisitely Deform, that what is most Beautiful and most Charming, in the sensible World, can never compare with it for Handsomness.

*How Geometry and Physiognomy were improv'd by the famous Mathematician at Malmesbury.*

**M**Y Reader being so celebrated a Well-wisher to the Mathematicks, (which is as much as to say, *Student in Physick and Astrology*) will doubtless receive a very particular Satisfaction from the News I am to tell him, concerning all manner of Figures and Diagrams. These abound in the *Ideal* World, and are esteem'd the most excellent in their several kinds, that can any where be met with. There are Circles, for instance, many of them much resembling Hoops,

Hoops, which also are reputed the *Causa Exemplares*, or primitive Patterns of all Hoops whatsoever. There are other Circles to be seen of Mr. *Hobbes's* Square sort, which 'tis possible a *common Spectator* might scarce know to be Circles. They are of great use in *establishing a Commonwealth*, and demolishing *immaterial Substances*; but the Logicians disallow them as altogether unserviceable to a Disputant. For, these Circles, say they, will afford no Assistance towards drawing up an Argument into the *Round Figure*; which is universally acknowledged the most *compleat* of all Figures, and to be of soverain use in War, as well as in Philosophy. The Difference in the two Disciplines is only this, that Warriours never *conject* themselves into an orbicular Body, but in Cases of Extremity; whereas Philosophers do not only recur to this expedient, when they *act* upon the Defensive, or when they are pressed by some Necessity of their Affairs; but frequently surprise the Enemy by it, and use it not unsuccessfully for a *Feint*, in making their Attacks. Nay, sometimes

(so habitual is this most excellent Practice become to them) they run into it without thinking of it themselves, or so much as knowing what they are about. Witness a Thousand Demonstrations in the Works of C—s, M—the, N—s, S—s, H—s, S—ck, and a Thousand other worthy Authors, all either as round as Ideal Hoops, or at least, blest with as much *Dissipability* as

*Carmina Cumææ foliis mandata Sybilla.*

O Theorists! Foliographers! Cosmarchitects! Enlightners and Distracters of Sense and Reason, *τίς ἰδὼν αὐτοὺς!* *Cogit enim excedere propositi formam operis erumpens animo & pectore indignatio. Nil egistis, O Κοσμοαρχαὶ, nil inquam egistis, nisi*

*Insanire juvat*—————

————— *certa ratione modoque.*

————— *Vos ego tandem*

*Insanus inter verearne insanus haberi*



*All Objections and Evasions answered. Difficulties solved. An Hypothesis proposed for assigning the Essential and Efficient Causes of the Perfection of the Ideal World, together with a perfect Idea of the said Causes, and the Causality of the said Idea.*

THE Ideal Hoops, or Circles, are not without their Cylinder, or Ideal Tub; but this Vessel is now become a very empty and dry Subject, having lately been exhausted, *According to the* as it were, in the Telling of *Dissertator upon* a merry Tale. Yet still it can *Aesop's Fables,* afford *and Monsieur de Meziarac's unseen Biography.*

Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.

Touching this Chapter, my Reader will doubtless agree with me, that thus far it is wretched Stuff, or at least, that it is not extraordinary Fine; but 'tis such as frequently comes into Tully's Head, and Mine, and likewise Dr. B—ly's.

*O fortunam Natam me consule Romanam.*

*Aesop was too short a Man to make a*

PROPER Ambassador.

*See Dissert. upon  
Aesop's Fables.*

However, We Three are  
not without something to  
say for our selves, for

Wit, like Terse Claret, when't begins to pall,  
Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all:  
But in its full Perfection of Decay  
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.

Your Belief of this great Exactness  
in the *Ideal* Figures will be mightily  
eased, when I shall have informed you,  
that the *Ideal* Compasses, &c. by which  
they are described, are no less exact than  
the Figures. For *Quod habet potest dare*,  
and the Perfection of Diagrams must  
follow the Perfection of Instruments.  
Now 'tis certain, that material Tools  
are but so many clumsy and lame Busi-  
nesses, if compared to the admirable  
Contrivance of the Intelligible; and  
yet even these material Goods, how mean  
soever, were not of human Invention,  
but only copied from those exquisite O-  
riginals in the *Ideal* World. There, and  
there only, are repositied the Patterns of  
all things that are, or can be devised;  
and 'tis certain, that even the famous  
Stan-

Standards at *Winchester* were, one time or other, all borrow'd from thence. The same we must acknowledge of all other Utensils, and all Contrivances whatever; which may serve to take down the Vanity of our conceited Discoverers. For, Whoever first thought of Eating or Drinking, Living or Dying; or pretended to invent Shining, Sneering, *Half-crowning*; Acrosticks, Eclipses, Lord-Mayors, Bread'n'buttermilk, &c. he did no more than look into the *Ideal* World, and make Transcripts of what he saw there.

*A Panegyrick against Basilisks, by a Person that pretends to be in Love with Flavelia, which I believe is all a Sham.*

Strange Serpents that in *Lybian* Desarts lie,  
Unarm'd can wound, and murder with their Eye;  
But then we find the Gasping Sacrifice,  
When once it falls, is never known to rise.  
But you, *Flavelia*, can do more than these;  
Your Eyes can kill and quicken when they please.  
Hence I by fatal Turns, Unhappy Swain,  
Die but to live, and live to die again.

N. B. This seems to be the Person above-mention'd, that *Invented* Living and Dying.

The

## The Kalendar.

1.

**N**A Y never talk, 'tis a whole Year  
 Since first I saw, and was undone;  
 The Time I have exactly here,  
 And to a Moment written down:  
 Don't be prophane and laugh; this Diary  
 Is Love's whole Body of Divinity.

2.

Other Historians as they please,  
 May light Occurrences omit;  
 But said, or done, whate'r it is,  
 We take the Book and enter it.  
 The pettiest Circumstance of *When* and *Why*  
 Is of vast Weight in Love's Chronology.

3.

To see me register that Smile,  
 You'll call me heinous Fool, I know;  
 But laugh, and banter as you will,  
 'Tis down, and in Great Letters too:  
 Should Frowns and Smiles be cancell'd hence, no  
 doubt  
 My Kalendar would half be blotted out.

4.

That others may, I don't deny,  
 Quite different Schemes for Seasons raise;  
 But 'tis by These alone that I  
 Know all my Fasts and Holydays:  
 Ah! could I there record one Kiss from Thee,  
 That Kiss alone begins my Jubilee.

How

How old Authors ought to be transfus'd into modern Languages, in such manner that the Spirit of them may evaporate. How the Caput Mortuum must be hermetically rimed up. The way of making Lucretius-Water, and Sirrup-o-Virgil; of which the Reader shall have a Taste, when he gets towards the end. How to tinge them both with a false Calour.

**M**Y tenth Volume shall be imbellished with an account of these Essences, among others, viz. the Essence of a Chaffing-Dish, of a Bell-founder, of a Clock-maker, of Stewed-Prunes, of the Number 16, of Pain, of Mustard, and of Apples, which in the new World are generally Golden; besides which will be inserted the Effigies Amoris, the Idea Moralis Philosophia, 7258918 different Ideas of Wisdom, 12345678987654321 of Unity, and 392351782 41862749283163859 of Cushediship and Wee-  
 weefiness.

See Ap. S. — t.  
 Letter to Mr. Lock.

Tracta-

Tractatus de Suppositalitate suppositi sup-  
ponentis, seu de Allegoriarum Maleabi-  
lium Individuatione.

**T**HE Idea of Harmony is infinitely more charming than the most exquisite Compositions of *Purcel*, *Baptist*, or *Carissime*. This Discovery does happily supply us with Answers to several acute and judicious *Queries*. *What are become of the Charms of Musick* (says the great Author that chose himself to represent the Ignorance of the modern People) *Charms by which Men and Beasts, Fishes, Fowls and Serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very Natures changed, by which the Passions of Men were rais'd to the greatest Height and Violence, and then as suddenly appeas'd, so as they might be justly said to be turn'd into Lyons or Lambs, into Wolves or into Harts, by the Power and Charms of this admirable Art?* There now remains no difficulty of solving this important Doubt. *What are become of these Charms of Musick?* 'Tis evident they are all in the *Ideal World*, where they ever were, and ever will be; and safe

safe enough from being lost by *Inundations*, either of *merciless Waters*, or *barbarous Enemies*; for either of these, it seems, hath at certain *Periods*, overpowered the *Charms* of this admirable *Art*.

*The Life of Merlin and Mother Shipton, extracted from the Miscellanea.*

WE have found something also that may be reply'd to the following Demand——*What have we remaining of Magick, by which the Indians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, were so renown'd, and by which Effects so wonderful, and, to common Men, so astonishing were produc'd, as made them have Recourse to Spirits, or Supernatural Powers, for some Account of these strange Operations?* Though it must be granted, that the fore-mention'd Science is no where at that Perfection as in the *Ideal*, or *Supernatural World*, yet are there some visible Foot-steps, and Rudiments of it, that seem to be known, in the *Natural*. Witness that *Sympathetick Powder*, which being infus'd by Military People

People into long pieces of Brass, will kill a Man, by Conjurati<sup>on</sup>, without coming near him, or letting him know any thing of the matter.

Tho' this Instance might be sufficient to our present purpose, a few more shall be added, and by that means we shall put the Case beyond all Dispute.

'Tis certain there is still extant in the *Natural World*, that famous *Raree-sho*, so deservedly celebrated as an *Ectype* of the *Intelligible*; not to mention the *Enchanted Labyrinth* we travers'd in our way thither.

Besides, who has not seen the *strange Operations* perform'd by the *admirable Art* of *German Magicians*? Who has not had his Purse enchanted out of his Pocket, or been himself enchanted out of his Senses? Who knows not, that a Jargon of sounding Periods, tho' perfectly insignificant, shall carry a Cause against the most powerful *unregenerated* Arguments, and convey Delusions by the Enchantment of mere Sophistry?

See F. Malebranche's *Treatise concerning Sin*  
K. Digby's *Grand Elixir*, or *regenerated Medicine*.

Who



Who knows not, that our modern Gypsies, either Stroulers or Domesticks, or by what other Title soever dignify'd and distinguish'd, *have Power* to Bewitch such Persons as take a Fancy to them, or bestow upon them any kind of Benevolence?

And don't we every Day see a thousand *strange Operations* from the Power of Obstinacy and Conceit; which Bewitch Men, and Turn them to perfect Asses, in a most *astonishing* and *unaccountable* manner?

Thus much we may modestly affirm in Vindication of our *modern* and *natural* Magick, that A—, and B—, and C—, and D— are most certainly bewitched; the last especially in a very eminent degree, tho' by some erroneously taken for a Conjuror himself.

*Carmina vel sanos possunt avertere sensus.  
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssis  
—— in vultus ac terga ferarum.*

Did it not seem an Affront to the Memory of so great an Author as Sir W—?

P

T—,

*T*<sup>em</sup><sup>pt</sup><sup>d</sup>, I should be tempted to suspect, either that he had not duly perused, or did not well remember the learned History of the Renowned Dr. *Faustus*, or of our famous Fryar Bacon, together with the merry Waggeries of his Man Miles, and the Exploits of *Vander-master the German*, and Fryar Bungy the *English* Conjuror: how they studied the Art-Magick, in making a *Brazen-Head*, and a *Brazen-Wall*, to have Walled all *England* with Vinegar; which were Effects as *astonishing to common Men*, as most of those renown'd Operations perform'd by the *Ancient Indians* and *Chaldeans*.

You are desired to take particular notice, that there is not the least witty Passage in this Section, nor so much as two Words cleverly put together; at least, I am not conscious that any thing of that kind has here escaped me; but since Accidents may happen, 'tis but a reasonable Request, that, if you should here and there have met with a Period, or a Phrase, a little brighter than its Fellows, you would be pleased to believe the

the Author entirely innocent thereof;  
and that 'tis purely a Mistake of the  
Printers, or some Blunder occasion'd by  
Inadvertency.

*Apollo's Impeachment of Ulysses for Rob-  
bing his Cow-roost. Abridg'd by way of  
Paraphrase, in Seven Canto's.*

### Canto III.

**T**hey've hackt and mangl'd 'em so Bar-  
barous,

'Twould grieve *Keil's* Heart or Dr. *Scarborow's*.

*Here* Rumps and Sirloyns, *there* a Man sees  
Kidnies, and Maws, and Purtenances.

Brains, Guts and Gore (so mash'd and clotted  
That one would think 'em all besotted)

With Hearts (*O quam mutata* now !)

That in their Life-time were so *True*.

Poor Beasts ! they're chang'd in Shape so,  
and in

Their Faculty of Understanding,

That if I met them in a Dish,

We scarce should know each others Phiz.

But ( that which makes me fret most basely )

*Here* does the Devil of the Case ly ;

The Limbs, and Pieces which remain

Are maumauk'd so, that though I fain

Would stitch and patch 'em up again,

P 2.

They'll

They'll ne'er be put together more,  
 So *clever* as they were before.  
*These* Jaws and Hoofs don't suit so well as  
 They ought to do, if they'd be Fellows.  
*That* Tongue and Udder ne'er will hit it,  
 And *these same* Horns can scarce be fitted.  
*Here's* a Tail's End wants t'other Piece;  
 And *there* be Ribs won't Coalesce.  
*That* Thing without a Rump, or Skull,  
 Makes but an Oddish kind of *Mull*.  
 O my Dear Cows and Heifers Dearest!  
 Whom I so oft and sweetly Caress'd,  
 Am I Awake, or in a Vision?  
 \* Is this a Case, this a Condition,  
 For you to meet my loving Eyes in,  
 And kill me with the Sight, like Poison?  
 Is't thus you welcome in your *Phæbus*;  
 That us'd to leap, and fawn, and me buss?  
 I mean-while *Inscious* and *Ignarous*  
 Of what had happen'd in my Ware-house,  
 Was just contriving a new Ballad,  
 To make you Merry at your Sallad,  
 But now my Heart will break in Pieces,  
 At the sad Spectacle my Eye sees.  
 In vain I kept you safe from Lions,  
 And Wolves, that often Patience try ones.  
 For what has all my Caution booted,  
 That saved you to be thus Cut-throated,  
 By a vile Strouler, as infamous.  
 As ever any Varler's Name was?

\* See the Beginning of Mr. Dryden's *State of Innocence*.

'Tis true I had as fair a Warning,  
 As any Cuckold of his Horning.  
 For might not his old Tricks have taught us;  
 Or is *Ulysses* now *sic notus*?  
 This Rogue the Son of Old *Laertes*,  
 And what de'e call his Wife?—A Fart he is!  
 Or 'tis as sure as we do breath here,  
 The Son will ne'er be like his Father.  
 How should such Vagabonds and Errants  
 E'er prove a Comfort to their Parents?  
*Laertes* is a true Old Lad;  
 A special Work-man at his Trade;  
 That goes about his Work a Mondays,  
 And never Rambles as his Son does;  
 But lives in good Repute, and, furdur,  
 Kept all his House at Home in Order.  
 But now *Ulysses* and his Rivals,  
 Pull back him, he'd be sure to thrive else.  
 He keeps a Mug of stout *October*;  
 This Curr, I fancy, will keep no Beer,  
 And yet 'tis hard to catch him Sober.  
 Th' old Gentl man will take his Pot,  
 'Tis true enough; but what of that?  
 Pray can you tell me who will not?  
 He can be Wise and Merry both;  
 You shall ne'er hear him swear an Oath,  
 Nor a worse Word than *Faith* and *Troth*.  
 For when h'has had a Cup o'th' Creature,  
 You'd say he is nothing but good Nature;  
 He takes his Pipe and talks so Loving  
 In his old Corner next the Oven.

*The Method of making a Chasm, or Hiatus, judiciously; the great Reach of Thought required for the Contrivance thereof, together with the Difference between the French Academies and the English.*

Supposing my Reader to be grown weary of the Words *Sensible* and *Intelligible*, I will so far comply with his Humour, as to change them for the Terms *Old* and *New*; being also the more inclinable to get them dismiss'd, because, though they have hitherto done me faithful and laudable Service, yet they seem now to *Reflect* upon me, and seldom agree to my Proceedings: Upon which account I make no doubt but

*His tu prima malis oneras, atq; objicis hosti:*

*meminisse pigebit Elisæ.*

P 3

The

The Author very well understands that a good fixable *Hiatus* discovers a very great Genius, there being no Wit in the World more Ideal, and consequently more refined, than what is display'd in those elaborate Pages, that have ne're a Syllable written on them. Yet this Vacuity, now under your Consideration, was not designed, or compiled, upon that Inducement, but full fore against the Author's Will, who has been forced to suppress a Multitude of his choicest things, in Compliance with Mr. Stationer; a Person of so scrupulous Intellectuals, as to refuse to print Things which, he said, he could not understand.

These,

These, O *Europe*, are wonderful Speculations, nice, dark and abstruse, but important; the Philosophy lies deep absconded, but may easily be drawn out, and laid open in the following Scheme. You are to keep in mind that *Sensible* and *Intelligible*, *Old* and *New*, are the Matter we have to work upon; and the very Words point out to us the Way we must proceed, namely *Partakingly* of both *Algebra* and *Geometry*; by the Equation of Cubick Sections and Conick Roots; for the most part Graphically, but always Parallelipipedonically, when the thing can be conveniently so done.

See Hobbes's Treatise  
at the End of his Letter  
to Bp. Bramhall.

### *Explanation of Fig. 1.*

N *new*. O *old*. w *word*. W *world*. I *intelligible*. S *sensible*. D *december*. T *totum*.  
P *pronouns*.



From which subtracting the fourth Operation by Cylinders, it will stand thus,

$$\begin{array}{rcl}
 aa & \text{---} & ax & \text{---} & d \\
 ad & \text{---} & bc & \text{---} & 5 \\
 xb & \text{---} & og & \text{---} & y2 \\
 \hline
 \frac{1}{20} & \text{---} & \frac{11}{1} & \text{---} & \frac{1}{6}
 \end{array}$$

$$7183165291 \text{ --- } 9 \text{ --- } 6$$

*Quod erat demonstrandum.*

All this the Ancients used to perform by nine Cyphers, though something more obscurely indeed ; so that I must beg of the Learned Reader, that he would bestow upon it the greater Application of Thought, in order to comprehend their way of proving it, as exhibited in this Scheme ;



The Cyphers were carefully rang'd in the Order you see, as we may learn from the Description, or rather Directions, that *Virgil* has left us in the Second of his *Georgicks*.  
—Om—

————— *Omnis in unguem*  
*Dispositis signis, secto via limite quadret.*  
*Ut saepe ingenti bello, cum longa cohortes*  
*Explicuit legio, & campo stetit agmen aperto,*  
*Directaque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis*  
*Aere renidenti tellus, necdum horrida miscet*  
*Prælia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in*  
*armis.*

*Omnia sunt paribus numeris dimensa vi-*  
*arum:*

*Non animum modo uti pascat prospectus*  
*inanem;*

*Sed quia non aliter spatium dabit omnibus*  
*æquum*

*Charta, neque in vacuum poterunt se exten-*  
*dere rami.*

Thus translated by Uncle Ogilby, Danc-  
 ing-Master to Mr. *Wicherly's* Muse.

————— in every Tract  
 The Cyphers range in Distances exact,  
 As when a mighty Battel's to be fought;  
 Up to the Front the order'd Files are brought,  
 Troops hide the Fields, and ready for Alarms,  
 All the vast Champaign shines with glittering Arms;  
 Before in horrid Fight the Battle joins,  
 And doubtful *Mars* to neither part inclines:  
 Even so thy Circles Thou, like Nine-Pins, place,  
 That Lines may have both Elbow-room and Space.

Now

Now the Spirit of Quotation is upon me, there is no Possibility of Suppressing *Lucan's* Noble Thoughts upon the same Subject.

See Lib. V.  
Verse 237.

*Interea domitis Cæsar remeabat Iberis,  
Victrices aquilas alium laturus in Orbem.  
Sphæra autem iusta contenta sit Equore Campi,  
Impune ut tenuis circum se Linea flectat,  
Lasciva, & spiris intacta immanibus errans.  
Mæander qualis Labyrintho ludit aquarum,  
Et vastos liquidis montes complectitur ulnis.  
Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.  
Quem super-imposito moles geminata Colosso.*

The translating of these Heroick Lines I most humbly recommend to the Ingenious Dr. Br—n, or the most Ingenious Sir R—d Bl—, hoping that they will at their Leisure, make proper Reflections upon this other Semi-Distick,

(Mævi.

*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua Camina,*

For this, I can assure them 'tis to be found in a great Passable Writer of Verses,

ses, if they please only to consult Dolphin-Indexes with due Care.

Matters being thus prepar'd, and all things tending violently towards an Engagement, the two Parties, Opponent and Respondent, stood in Posture, with Pencils and Compasses drawn, the one to mark Whence and Whether a Line of Communication should be describ'd, the other wholly bent to execute the said Orders, not without the utmost Contention of his Abilities; *Trembling* with high Ambition, and impatient Love of Applause.

Whoever had the best hand at bringing round his Lines a *Quovis Cypher* and *Quodvis Cypher*, not allowing them to touch, or intersect each other, was in those learned Ages, accounted the *wisest Philosopher*; and great were the Honours decreed him, of which I shall but name one. This victorious Person was wheel'd round a publick School with much Pomp, in a kind of Vehicle contriv'd for that Purpose, and not unlike to a modern Barrow. During the Procession he kept his Face fronting directly towards the Specta-

Spectators; which being all over planted thick with *Plumage* of *Subfusc* Appearance, not without the Ornament of a proportionable Beak affixt in its proper Place, did much resemble the graceful Countenance of an *Athenian*, or *Palladian* Bird, so call'd from being Favourite to *Minerva*. The Eyes only were suffer'd to show themselves, and these appear'd very Glaring and Illustrious, by the Advantage of two Magnifying-Glasses, which were Concave, like the Chrystal of a modern Watch, or Blazing Dark-Lanthorn. Many other Ceremonies and Triumphal Decorations being laid out upon the Sucessful, lest too great an Inflation of Mind should ensue, there was appointed an Officer to follow at a certain Distance, supplying him with frequent Sprinklings of Dust and Cinders, and at the same time loudly calling upon him, *Not to forget that he was still but a Mortal*. This Custom was afterwards reviv'd by the *Romans*, upon wise Considerations, and us'd for many Ages on warlike Occasions, among that noble People.

Q

Aristo-

*Aristotle* is said to have rode Triumphant in the foresaid manner, some five and thirty Times; and gain'd himself thereby so great a Reputation, for a shrewd Person at this way of disputing by Cyphers, that *Alexander the Great* chose him for his own Master. It must be acknowledged, that the Exercise we are speaking of, seems to have been in Vogue chiefly among the *Stoicks*, 'till it was taken up by *Plato*, some Years before, for the Practice of his own Scholars; which is thought to be the only Reason why *Diogenes* so fiercely inveigh'd against it, as an Artifice design'd purely to serve the ends of Popularity and Vain-Glory. I think it has never been deny'd, that this very Thing occasion'd the famous Quarrel between *Pythagoras* and *Archimedes*, concerning the Invention thereof; as likewise their late unhappy Duel at *Rotterdam*, in which *Archimedes* debauch'd *Semiramis*, the Wife of *Dou Confuchu*, and *Pythagoras* was so successful, as to confute King *Pepin Le Grand*, by distinguishing directly through his Lungs.

Of

*Of the Building of Babel.*

THE very Bottom of Designs being thus discover'd, and even laid before your Eyes in the foregoing Schemes, you will doubtless acknowledge, that I have therein show'd a high Degree of Wisdom, as well as a great Insight into Philosophy, both Natural and Civil; though 'tis possible that you might otherwise have wonder'd what these Proceedings were driving at.

To manifest my Desire of dealing openly and fairly with my Reader, I judg'd it convenient to give this publick Notice of my Terms being alter'd, that all things being duly perform'd on my side, if any Mis-understanding should happen, the Fault may ly entirely at his Door. I therefore farther advertise him, that by the *Old World* shall be understood the *Sensible*; from which he may readily collect, that the *Intelligible* is to be meant by the *new*. For, altho' the *Sensible* World be in very Deed the *Recenter*. of the two, *in regard to Age*;

Q 2

ha-

having been created but of *late Days*, whereas the *Intelligible* has been a World from the first Moment that Eternity itself saw the Light; yet the Discovery of the *Intelligible* is of later Standing than the Creation of the *Sensible*. The Discovery of the former is owing to a *Lucky Accident* in the Building of *Babel*, upon which I am not now at Leisure to dilate. This Accident gave the Hint; but had it not been favour'd and coadjuted by the Conjunction of certain Circumstances and Planets, together with a benign Irradiation from the Moon, we had been buried in Darkness to this day, and the Curtain would still have continued Drawn between human Minds, and that bright Region of *Intellectual* Light, tho' seated and residing even within them; such having been the Will and Pleasure of Fate, that notwithstanding the *New*, or *Ideal* World consists in nothing else but *every Man's Knowledge*, yet sublunary Things should be so nicely order'd, that for many Ages together *no Man* should *know it*.

*A Dis-*



*A Disappointment that gave me much Uneasiness and Astonishment. A very good Jest. The Nature of a Pradicable.*

**A**Mong all the Particulars I discover'd, there was one which dissatisfy'd, as well as surpris'd me, to such a degree, that I blest my self not a little for my happy Caution in keeping out of this *Ideal* Enclosure. Not one of my own Species could I set Eyes on, (I mean the Eyes of my Understanding) nor discover the least Idea of a human Creature in any Corner of the *Ideal* World. This I remonstrated to my Guide, and plainly told him my Suspicion, that there was no being made Free of the *Ideal* World, without being first divested of the Rational Nature, and assuming some other *Specifick Essence*. A very good Jest, said he, I thought I should catch you shewing your Ignorance; and now do I know, as well as can be, that you imagine the true Idea of a Man must be like such Men, as you are us'd to see and converse with——This 'tis to be

under the Prejudice of Sense ! But take it from me, that Men are not changed in the Ideal World, but 'tis the Idea that suffers an Alteration, when it becomes a Man. Look about you now and see, tho' there be no Men in the Ideal World, whether you can't discover the Idea of a *Centaur*. Plain enough reply'd I ; there are several between that same *Chimera*-yonder, and the Diminutive *Hircocervum*.

*See the Musæ Anglicanæ and Smigleſius.*

Very well, said my Guide ; now a *Centaur* (de'e mark) is the compleat and original Idea ; for, *Centaur*, or *Animal*, being the *Genus*, its two *Species*, *Rational* and *Irrational*, are only broken Ideas of a *Centaur* dismember'd, or distributed into the Parts of its self. This Division the *Aristotelians*, if they shall see fit, may pretend to have happen'd in the Lifetime of their Master ; but the Thing is undoubtedly of a much ancients Date,

*See the Sacred Theory of the Earth.*

as having been a necessary Effect of that great and general *Dissolution* at the *Noctical* Deluge.

A Co.

*A Corollary.*

**T**IS absurd therefore, and ridiculous, to talk of the eternal and unchangeable Idea of a Man, or of a Horse; Since, taken apart, they are no better than Monsters in Nature. For the Truth of this, as far as concerns the former Species, I may appeal to Observation of Particulars; such as *Tarquin, Nero, Domitian, our Richard the Third, the West-India Spaniards, East-India D—, Regicide English, and the Jesuitico-Fanatical Saints*, wherever dispers'd; not to instance in *Cain, Judas, Sir Satanides Goatham*, and a Multitude of other great Worthies, very nobly qualify'd to adorn a *Black-List*.

## Advertisement

*very necessary to be here inserted.*

**Y**OU are to know, that this *Sir Satanides Goatham*, is a certain Man in Office, who by several great Attempts  
has

has made himself very considerable, and purchased an invaluable Reputation, Honour and Esteem, among all the Nobility and Gentry that live within the Sound of his Name. The Particulars are, a harmless Rape upon a Young Lady of extraordinary Virtue, as well as Wit and Beauty; a civil Design to murder one of her Relations; together with sincere Endeavours to ruine and defame her whole Family: in all which laudable Undertakings, by the Spite of envious Fortune, he has come off with Disappointment and Infamy, though not Shame.

*A second Corollary in Honour of the Trojan-Horse, or Great Leviathan.*

**I**F we remember how that great Doctor *Freneticus, Thomas of Malmesbury*, has irrefragably demonstrated the State of Nature to be a perfect State of War; and if we add to that Conclusion what has now been discover'd concerning original *Centaur*s; these Doctrines, so laid together, will amount to a full Proof, that

that in our degenerate Times, nothing can approach so near the true State; whether Natural or Ideal, as Fighting a-Horse-back.

From this Consideration is chiefly derived the great Dignity of a Trooper, and more particularly of such as rode in the *Oliverian State of War*.

*A further Account of Centaurs; A Mistake concerning them rectified. The Ancient Poets censured. That Pegasus was neither Proteus, nor Ben Johnson. That — is neither St. Peter, nor St. Paul.*

I could not but observe, to my great Amazement and Indignation, how basely Learned Men have all along been mis-led in their Notion of a *Centaur*; and that by taking up with such lame Descriptions as the Poets have deliver'd, in their *Metaphysical Histories*. These Gentlemen have, most certainly, either had very poor Information themselves, or been very unfair in suppressing Part of the Truth. For though in their Chronicles concerning *Ixion* and his Ideal

*Juno,*

*Juno*, they have given us a fair Account of a *Centaur's* Generation, yet there is another Point wherein the whole Nation of Poets have greatly deviated from the Truth, and brought an ugly Suspicion upon their own Veracity. For, with what Reason, or Countenance can it be pretended, that the entire *Genus* of *Centaurs* is comprised within the two *Species* of *Risible* and *Hinnible*, or Man and Horse? Doubtless they were induced to this Partiality, either thereby to do an Honour to their own *Pegasus*, or to make their court to some Knight-Errant, or other puissant Person that delighted in Chivalry. For, had they reported the Truth, we should have been informed, that the Generality of *Centaurs* are of other Compositions, our Ideal Humanity being coupled with more irrational Kinds than *Proteus* could put on seeming Transformations, or than Human Individuals were really transformed into, when *Metamorphoses* were in Fashion. This I can fairly attest, that in my most accurate Survey of the Ideal World, I could not descry more Men-Horses, than Men-

Men-Bulls , Men-Camels , Men-Elephants , Men-Sharks , Men-Cuckows , Men-Foxes , or Men-Asses , which make as good *Centaurs* as the best.

*An Essay towards the Theory of Human Nature.*

'TIS from these primitive Copulations that mortal Men inherit the great Disparity in their Tempers and Constitutions ; every one retaining a Tincture of that Nature to which his Human Essence is Individually, or Intelligibly united. This gives an amorous Disposition to one, and a revengeful to another ; makes one a Friend, and another a Traytor. This makes Sir *Midas C*— love himself alone, and yet use himself as if he hated no Body else so much ; and the same — inclines *W—b*, *T—t*, and *G—er*, to enjoy their own Wealth, but find the greatest Pleasure in that part of it which they communicate.

*See what Aristophanes saith in Plato's Sympos.*

Hence

Hence it is that some prefer their Countries Interest to their own, and others betray the Common-wealth rather than be a little eclips'd in their Domestick Greatness. *Hanno*, the *Carthaginian*, is said to have acted in this manner; I cannot certainly tell, whether there are any other Instances that could be given.

† *Milo* derives *Athletick Vigour* hence;  
Hence — his *Atheism* and his *Impudence*.  
Hence *Lewd Sempronia* has her wanton Fire,  
And — raves with *Impotent Desire*;  
Hence — so muddy, S — p so Clear,  
Rich *Vulpo* Slie, Poor *Stuttereero* Queer.

*How to deduce Ideal Genealogies by the Qualities observable in particular Persons.*

**S**IR *Satanides Goatham*, the forementioned Animal, boasts his Ideal Pedigree from the Satyrs, or Man-Goats; a celebrated Branch of the *Centaurean* Race. There is in this Family an Hereditary Distemper, something allied to the *Syphilis*, and the *Furor Priapeus*.

† See *Dispensary*.

which



which ferments in their Veins with few Intermissions. It once threw Sir *Satanides* into a raging Fit, that most deplorably distress'd for some Relief, and even wild with Impatience, he demanded an Exchange of Blood with a Nymph descended from the *Phenix*; but that being attainable, neither by Love nor Money, nor the Charms of his Eloquence, nor the Might of his Puissant Arm, in a most outrageous Fury, to ease his Spleen of the Satyr, he transfused into his Jugular an incredible Quantity of Hounds-Blood; so that now remaining Man-Goat as to his *Concupiscible*, and Man-Hound as to his *Irafcible*, his very Name is become frightful to Male and Female; neither of which can endure to meet him in the dark, being a dangerous Person in Quality, either of an Enemy or a Lover; in the latter Capacity especially; for, the meanest *Operatrix* would be loth to transfuse with him since the unhappy Accident of Dr. *Harbrough's* Death; that convenient *Graduate Physician*, so Famous in the *Daily Courant*.

R

The

*The Doctrine of intelligible Centaurs further prosecuted.*

*W*hezius and *Querpillo*, the two Brethren *Ramnusides*, bear the Arms of so many Families, that a good Herald might be at a loss where to begin their Pedigree.

Consider'd in their talkative Capacity, they discover the Jay, Magpie, or Parrot; In their Port they bear great Resemblance to a Peacock, though their  
\**Pertidapperipragmaticofinicality* betrays the perfect —.

Take them in their Poetical Dress, and Mr. *P*— will vow and swear that they are descended from the *Æsopæan* Daw; and the very *P*— that calls them both *Virgil* and *Mæneas* to their Faces, does really think them two Cuckoos or Ninnyhammers; or instead of being Transmigrated from the *Mantuan* Swan to belong to the other Species, which once indeed preserved the Capitol by the obstreperous Sweetness of their Singing.

— *argutos inter strepit anser olores.*

\* *In honorificabili admittatibus.*

Some

Some imagine they came from the *Italian Wagtail*, but Mr. B—ls pretended he knew them to be *Canary Birds*.

Notwithstanding this I have known others mistake them for *City Mice*, and plead several Arguments in Defence of that Error. The Principal of these are drawn from their Faculty of skulking, and creeping into *fat Places*; as likewise from the great Disorder of Mind, which has been visible in them at the very mention of the *Fox* and *Weasel*; and from the excellent *Courage* they lately discovered in their single Combat with *Sir Joseph Fl—son*. See *Aesop's Fables*.

N. B. This Chapter was written about the time of that Transaction. See *Ld. Cl—n's Hist. Vol. 3.*

R— and S— will have them to be more probably *Bat-Mice*, having observed their Trick of *Shunning* the Light, and that remarkable Weakness that renders them so subject to be dazled; especially by the Rays of a *Louis'dor*, or any *splendid Body* of that Nature.

Time was that Dr. D—r adjudged them to the Wolf-Men, and that with great Appearance of Reason :

*For who, but ravenous Animals that came  
From th' Ideal Wolf of Woltingham,*

could ever have proved so Redoubtable—  
in the *Hesperian Fleecing-Office* ?  
*See Ovid. Met. 7.*

Were we at leisure to enumerate all Surmises and Allegations, there would be thrice as many Savages found to claim Kindred with *Whezius* and *Querpillo*, as Cities contended for *Homer*, or Religions for Mr. *Bays*. † But in this there is a Disparity, that those Animals are all certainly a-kin to these *Ramnusides* in some or other Degree ; whereas *Homer* might possibly be born in the Country, and Mr. *Bays* might possibly be of the same Lay-Religion with *Smith*, or *Johnson*, or *Ramnusides* themselves.

† This last Paragraph was written of late Days See the Rehearsal, and T. Brown's Dialogues.

Con-

*Concerning my Pedigree, and  
the present War.*

I know not whether I may expect Thanks  
for my Discovery of a new  
World ; for I am resolved See Dr. Bent-  
ly's Dissertat. to stand it out, that 'tis  
entirely my own Discovery, tho' the  
thing was long since discovered by my  
Predecessors. Therefore We the Author  
of this Theory, in our own Name and  
Person, pronounce *Εὐρηκα*, and challenge  
Mankind to appear, and do us Homage  
for the new Province put into their  
Hands. We may fairly presume, that a  
New-found World, so much more Per-  
fect, Fertile and Delightful than the  
Old, should reflect no little Glory upon  
our Age, and upon our selves the Dis-  
coverer. Let me add that we, who  
boast the Happiness of our Birth from  
this Noble Island, and our Descent  
from the Ancient Britons, are able so  
clearly to make out our Country's Title,  
that there is great Probability no other  
Nation will set up any Pretensions  
R 3. against

against our Propriety and peaceable Enjoyment; for the King of *France* himself discovers no Inclination to quarrel with us about any part of the *Ideal World*.

*Concerning my impartial Distribution of the Preferments in my Gift.*

**T**HERE are, 'tis true, several Honourary Dignities now vacant, and several large Countries, that have neither Names nor Governours yet assign'd them. Finding these unoccupied, I have an indisputable Right to confer them on whom I please, producing for Precedents those late Discoverers that disposed of all the finest Dominions in the Moon by an Arbitrary Nomination.

There is a Province peculiarly remarkable for a People of great Loyalty, for Godfathers, to which I have provided two noble Brothers, the Joy and Glory of Ancient *Rome*, who have freely bestow'd upon it the illustrious Name of

*Grac.*

*Gracchia.* In this Laudable Canton, purely to gain my Reader's good Will, I do constitute and appoint for Lord Lieutenant——any one he shall please to recommend.

Many a good Title have I granted away, either upon the Application of a Purse dexterously transferr'd, or in Recompence for Passive Obedience at *Baggamon*. Many a one have I parted with freely (for the sake of Old Acquaintance or the Old Cause) to Persons of Prime Quality, and not a few also to my Inferiour Friends. The——, in Consideration of the Great Services he did to Me and my Family, during our unhappy Rupture with the late Grand Seignior, I have elected King of *Bubleria* and *New Formosa*; and when ever the Arch-Bishoprick—or—Dutchy of *Puntillonia* shall Fall, being a——Tatter'd——Superbe *Im—s* and August Oscitancy—I am very willing to entail it upon any Branch of the House of —or—or—or—or—

The

The other (especially the *European*) Monarchs shall have no reason to complain of any unequal Favour, or the least Neglect of any one's Merit ; for having observed, that in making their Court, they have carefully avoided all those Squablings and Sinister Practices that are usual among Competitors, I have determined that they shall all have their Shares in my Bounty, and be promoted each to such Posts and Offices as he shall be found best qualified for.

To make these Honours the more Honourable, and *illustrate the Noble List*, I have faithfully enrolled *my self*, erecting *my Pillars* on a certain *Hesperian* Promontory, that is to rejoyce in the Denomination of *Gabriel Johannes* ; and because some of my select Favourites, whom I admit to a great Degree of Familiarity, have got a Custom at merry Seasons, to *Salute me by the Name of Timothy* ; that I might deal impartially between both my Appellations, which are equally dear to me, I have appointed one of the most considerable Islands in

New



New-Utopia to go by the Name of

# T I M L A N D.

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## A CHAPTER

*In Imitation of -----and Somebody else that shall be Nameless.*

I am not a Person of the same Humour, and Principles, with your Ordinary Preface-Authors, to fill my Worthy Reader with high Expectations of what he is invited to, and then put him off with a Flat and Beggarly Entertainment. 'Tis well known that I made Promise, some few Hours ago when we first met, to be at extraordinary Expence, for providing him a Treat in some Measure suitable to *His great Quality*. And now upon the nicest Review of all that has been set before him, I cannot but bless my *Good Genius*, that every thing has succeeded so

so well, and pleased him in so extraordinary a manner.

'Tis a mighty Satisfaction to reflect upon my Happy Performance; to find that the most sharp-sighted

*See Theory of  
the Earth.*

Philosopher can never descry the least Flaw in my Theory; nor charge me with an ill-grounded *Position*, *Inconsequent* Deduction, or the least *Glimpse* of Obscurity: to assure my self that the most Captious and *Cynical* Critick can spy out no Failure in the Composition; the whole being compiled with so natural a Coherency of its Parts, and enriched with such Delicate Sentiments, Surprising Turns, Ravishing Antitheses; and these all adorned with the most lively Beauty of the Brightest Phrase, and the Quaintest Harmony of most Elaborate Cadence.

*Of my notable Meekness in taking Advice.  
Of judicious Advisers. Dr. B—y's  
Head, my own Pillow, and some other  
Matters no less considerable.*

AS to the few Pages that are still behind, you must excuse me if I suffer my Pen to run a little more at Random. Thus I shall greatly ease my self, by relaxing that Intention of thought which is a Posture too wearisom for Human Mind to be long held in. And this I take to be the properest Season for taking out my Freedom, and entering upon the said Enlargement; for which you shall have my Reason immediately.

Be it known then, that after long consulting my Sagacious Pillow, and my Learned Friend Dr. B—y, I have at last come to a Resolution, that the concluding Word of this Paragraph shall be accounted the End of my Preface, so long as my Book and this Universal *Frame of Things* shall continue in Being; and I do hereby charge and command all dutiful Readers and other Loving Persons,

sons, wheresoever dispersed throughout the Face of the habitable Globe, that they so acknowledge and respect it accordingly. Now this being declared, 'tis certain I shall drop some of my chief Readers the next Moment; being Persons that fall off, and prudently withdraw, as soon as the Preface is over: There are a Number of Persons in *Europe*, who bearing an unaccountable Aversion to us learned Authors, esteem the Entertainment of our Compositions no less insipid than that of our Conversations; or if ever they grow a little reconciled to either of them; yet still they will have it that We affect a ridiculous Singularity in Both. This, say they, puts us upon that preposterous Method of serving up our choicest Dainties in the first Course; which so palls the Appetite for any thing less delicate, that few Guests have Patience to sit out the Bill of Fare, or accompany the Author till he orders *Finis* to take away. This is Reason sufficient why I should not be so curious in Cooking that plain, but substantial Meat, which is still to come in.

Where-

Wherefore in evidence of this, I do earnestly entreat all my worthy and well-disposed Readers, to bear Witness for me that this Instant, the First of *April*, Old Style, 1701, but of my own Age 57, We *Gabriel John*, alias *Timothy*, do issue out Directions to our trusty and well-beloved Amanuensis *Ezekiel Philodasb*, that in order to prevent all future Dispute between our Book and its respective Preface, as likewise all erroneous Mistakes of the hasty and ill-advised Peruser; he, the said *Ezekiel Philodasb*, lawfully begotten Son to *Ananias Philodasb* and *Tabitha* his Concubine, of the same Name and Vocation, do instantly and carefully fix up an Index, with a brief Inscription in Capitals, notifying that

☞ HERE ENDETH

THE PREFACE

SECT.

## S E C T. XXXVIII.

*The Best Section in the Book,  
concerning Seven Hundred  
Pounds a Year.*

**I** Doubt not in the least but some  
Thousands of my Readers are e'en  
overjoy'd to see that the Preface has some  
End at last; having long since been quite  
jaded in their Spirits, and vainly flattering  
themselves at every Section they were  
travelling through, that there would be  
no more to come. But if any one should  
have Strength of Heart to hold out;  
if any Individual Person of indefatigable  
Industry, innate Courage and undaunted  
Resolution, will still press on, being  
smitten with sweet Love of Truth, and  
filled with glowing Zeal to search, to  
comprehend, to digest;

———— *Siquis tamen hac quoque, siquis*  
*Captus amore leget* —————

let

let him be assured that I can give him no manner of Encouragement; nor do I any more know what is immediately to follow this Sentence, than *L—* can tell what shall be his next Throw at the Groom-Porters, than *P—* can predict to what Point the Wind will change, or than *S—* can prognosticate what shall be his next No-Religion.

---

### SECT. XXXIX.

*The next best Section treating of Six Hundred Pounds a Year.*

**H**AVING now thought of something to go on with, I require of my Reader that he put himself in a Posture to believe it, whatever it shall prove; that he give up his whole Understanding, Sense and Reason, entirely to my Disposal; for I am now enter'd upon an Ideal Pontificate, and already got into an extraordinary *Humour* of Infallibility.

In Consequence whereof; We *Seruus*  
*Servorum Anima Mundana Platonica*,  
 have resolved, determin'd and made a  
 Decree, that 'tis safest Sailing in the  
 Winter, provided always you don't  
 trouble your self to find whereabouts  
 Rocks and Quicksands lie, as long as  
 they are covered over with Water; and  
 therefore we do pronounce *Ex Cathedra*,  
 that whoever offers to speak, or so much  
 as believe otherwise, is Schismatick,  
 Heretick, Enemy to the *Ideal Hierarchy*,  
 and *ipso facto*, becomes liable to Eccle-  
 siastical Censure, and all the Penalties  
 thereunto annex'd. For if my Lady  
 FORTUNE should come *Leering and*  
*Simpering*, and address her self to my—  
 in the Person of—telling me forsooth  
 how mightily she is in Love with me,  
 and bringing I don't know how much  
 — or Fourty Thousand Acres of  
*Ploughed Ground in her Lilly-white Hand*  
 — cry *Here Tim*, or *Here Gabriel*,  
 take what thou wilt have—— a Thou-  
 sand Pound—nay thou art very wel-  
 come; take Two Pence more, or as  
 much as you have a Mind to—— Secretary



tary of State ----- will you be King of---- or have you a Fancy to be an Alderman? De'e think now that I *will* take a Farthing of all this? No, that were a good One indeed. *Timothy* knows better things, I thank ye ; for you must not think to put Tricks upon *Travellers*.

*The Plot thickens. A Surprising Catastrophe. The whole unravel'd. My merry Moments. How the self-enamour'd Youth died Ideally. My Ware-house and Garret. Of Shadows, and their strange Agility in vanishing.*

—— falsis datur exitus umbris.

—— portâ emittuntur eburnâ.

—— manus effugit imago,

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima  
somnia.

Invalidasque mihi tendens, heu, non mea,  
palmas.

**T**urning accidentally my internal Opticks towards my Ideal Garret in *New Barbican*, what should appear to me at the Window, but the Counterpart, or the beautiful Idea, of my self. It was

sitting as solitary as a Hermit, but in a violent Fit of Mirth, and undoubtedly under the Operation of some pleasant Conceit, which is a thing very familiar to me in my *Retirements*. And as 'tis sung of the former *Narcissus*, that his *Idea* in the *Water*, as cruel as he found it, never refused to smile, when it saw that he smiled in Return; I on the other side, *Narcissus alter*, could not chuse but rejoyce to see my *Idea* so joyful. But here indeed I fell into a fatal and deplorable Oversight—here was I seized with a rash Curiosity, which has proved the sad Occasion of so much Regret, and such grievous Lamentation, to me and to my poor Reader.

*Hic subito incautum Dementia cepit,*  
 ————— *ibi omnis*  
*Effusus labor* —————

for by endeavouring to stare hard upon my *Idea*, my *Eyes burst open*, and I saw my self at that Instant, relapsed into the *Sensible World*. Thrice did I call for Help to my Guide, and thrice I endeavoured

voured, but in vain, to clasp hold of him. My Guide, the Ideal World, and my own *beloved, and lovely*, Idea were all ravished from me, and vanished on the sudden ; and, behold ! I was sitting in the Place Father *Malebranche* and my own Idea had appeared to me, even by my Garret-Window in *Barbican* ; where the Good Reader shall be very welcome to Paper-Diet, and may be furnished at reasonable Rates with all sorts of Ballads, Madrigals, Anagrams, Acrosticks, and *Heroick Poems*, either by Whole-sale, or by Retail ; the Excellency of which I give him leave to judge by the following *Samples*.

☞ HERE BEGINNETH  
THE POSTSCRIPT.

*A Vow*

[ 200 ]

A

*Vow to Cupid,*

O R

*The Fair Sacrifice.*

S O N G.

I.

*CUPID*, how oft must I implore  
Thy cruel Deity in vain?  
Grant me one Boon; I'll ask no more—  
I mean, till I'm in Love again.

II.

Thy Chains I wear, yet ne'er repine;  
Ne'er pray to be releas'd:  
I'm *Sylvia's*; let the Nymph be mine;  
Let both be Slaves, both pleas'd.

III.

Grant this, Kind Love, and hear my  
Vow  
That *Sylvia's* self shall lye  
Thy Lovely Victim. O do thou  
Both give the Wound and Flames supply!

*Virgil's*

Virgil's Description of the Old Man's  
Garden at Tarentum, beginning

*Namque sub Oebalia* ————— Georg. 4.

Dissolved into English according to Art.

**A**mong th' Oebalian Fields, that owe their  
Pride

\* To the kind Waterings of *Galesus*' Tide

A poor *Corician* Villager had found

† One little Plat, and that Unhappy Ground.

*Fish!*

Nor *Pan*, nor *Ceres* had a Harvest there,

T'invite or recompence the Tillers Care;

No Cluster smiled, no Vintage crown'd the  
Year.

*Pub!*

Yet this obdurate Soil the Swain compel'd

Some thin-set Herbs and poppy Flow'rs to yield.

*Helas!*

---

\* These are admirable Lines, and seem to have nothing of the Author's Sense; upon which account, you know, 'tis so much the better Translation; as may be learnt from *Dryden's Virgil*, and the Works of some other Expedite Versifiers. † See *Boileau's Epigrams*.

The

The springing Vervain did his Garden grace,  
 And Lillies flourish'd in the Brambles place  
 Thus, late at Even, his daily Labours past,  
 Returning he enjoys an unbought Feast;  
 Rich with content, and more than Monarch's  
 blest.

He saw his forward Buds and opening Rose  
 The dawning Beauty of the Spring disclose.

*Poet's !*

*The Original might perhaps be thus render'd more tolerably.*

Nor fails each Spring to crop the earliest Rose,  
 Each Autumn earliest Fruit from loaded Boughs.  
 And when bleak Winter-Months, with Scythian  
 Wind,  
 Burst the hard Stones, the rapid Torrents bind;

*Whether either of the following Dissolutions would be worse than this I cannot tell; they are all as bad as I would wish.*

### *The 2d Dissolution.*

And when the barren Winter's piercing Cold  
 Could split hard Rocks, and rapid Torrents  
 Hold.

*The*

*The Third.*

But when the Winter's penetrating Force  
Now bursts the Rock and stops the Rivers  
Course,

*Sad indeed.*

Three Versions of the same thing may excuse me from  
translating the next Line at all ; which consisting of  
Terms above my Understanding, viz.

Ille comam mollis javitum <sup>ten</sup> } debat Acanthi ;  
  <sub>ton</sub>

I desire Mr. London and Mr. Wise to English it between  
them, being abundantly better able to do it than  
I am.

Then would he with the envious Winter gone  
Winter again.

*Worse and worse !*

And beg the tardy Spring to hasten on.  
His Bees the first their flowing Combs prepare,  
Clouding with early Swarms the Vernal Air.

*The Words*

\_\_\_\_\_ spumantia pressis  
Mella favis \_\_\_\_\_

are well render'd by Mr. Addison, in this manner,

\* See Dryden's Virgil.

--- his

his Vessels foam  
With the rich Squeezings of the juicy Comb.  
His sapless Earth made hardy Pear-trees  
bloom,

Ob!

And Thorns were taught to bear th' adopted  
Plumb.

Very well.

On faithful Boughs each growing Burden hung,  
And Autumn finish'd all the Spring begun.

*Which I take to be Fustian, as indeed every thing  
should be that designs to be admired. The Meaning is  
only, that all his young Apples hung till they were  
ripe.*

He had his Lindens too and thriving Pines,  
And knew to range his Elms in nicest Lines.

Excellent !

His Plane-tree flourish'd, and began to spread  
For chearful Hours a sociable Shade.

Ravishing !

'Tis true, Composing is the Nobler Part,  
But Good Translation is no easy Art.  
How many Ages since has Virgil writ ?  
How few are they that can translate him yet !  
Approach his Altars with Religious Fear ;  
No Whining, Canting, Ruming Devil can  
inhabit there.



*I lose my Patience when with sawcy Pride,  
In Barbarous Rimes I see his Numbers tied.  
The Genuine Sense, intelligibly told,  
Shews a Translator both Discreet and Bold.  
Excursions are inexpiably bad,  
And 'tis much safer to leave out than Add.*

### *My Lord Roscommon's Essay.*

**O** Had He lived to hail the Glorious Day,  
And sing loud Pæans thro' the crowded way.  
When in Triumphant State the British Muse,  
True to her self, refuses Barbarous Aid,  
Appearing in the Roman Majesty,  
Which none know better, and none come so near.

— Talis nostri est Farrago libelli.

### *Phœbus's Oration.*

Canto IV.

#### *The Argument.*

*The Sun kept some West-country Cows upon  
Houndslough-Heath, some time before  
the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, accord-  
ing to the best Chronology, having had a*  
T par-

particular Fancy for that Imployment  
ever since he grew up from

† According  
to Ptolomy.

a † Little Star. Now it  
happen'd one Day, when the  
Sun's Back was turned, that half a Dozen  
Water-men, belonging to Ulysses's Barge,  
made bold with as many of the Sun's  
fattest Kine, and likewise Ravish'd his  
Milk-maid, Susanna Skimmington of  
Cheesewick, who would not have been  
ravish'd for Any Thing. Upon which  
Phœbus unharnessing one of his Horses,  
leaves his Coach to its own Discretion,  
and trots away full Speed to tell his Fa-  
ther Jupiter how these naughty Men  
had abused him.

HAVE I for this kept such a Pother  
To let you all see one another,  
And often been upon the Road,  
When one would scarce send Dog abroad?  
For not the very Sirian Cur  
In a Cold Morning will e'er stir,  
But leaves me, like a surly Elf,  
To open all the Gates my self.  
What if a Wheel should fall a Blazing?  
'Twould put me a Consumed Maze in;  
For I've no Engine to throw Cloud-water:  
Slid, I'd as lieve drive Stage to Lond-water.

Is it my Wages for *Day-Labour*  
 To lose the Cattle that I pay for?  
 When tho' I drove in worst of Weather,  
 A *Mighty Comfort* to me they were.  
 The Fates, forsooth, must take 'em from me!  
 Those Gypsies always strove t' undo me.  
 And now the *Bull-Dogs* that have ate 'em,  
 Would put me off with *Temples*; Rat 'em!  
 We'll take no Temple ('tis below us)  
 'Twere something if they'd build m'a *Cow-House*.  
 For sure when e'er *Occasion* urges,  
*Apollo* need not want for Churches.  
 But 'tis at least full one to ten  
 'ne'er shall get such Cows agen.  
 The Raskals e'en may keep their Temples,  
 Or build my Calves one, if it Them please.  
 They have already (thank 'em finely)  
 Bestow'd some Altars on 'em kindly;  
 And should they raise another Shrine,  
 Who knows but they would steal more Kine?  
 So Faith, unless you'll bid the Men  
 Spew all my Cattle up agen;  
 And drown *Ulysses* in the Main,  
 With all his damned Beef-eating Train;  
 Or send the Villain into *Bridewell*,  
 To teach him not to live so idle;  
 I'll leave your Godships (de' call Mark?)  
 Every Mother's Child i'th' Dark,  
 To run your Noses against Post,  
 Or shift with Candle-Light at most.

I'll Put out all your Stars, and, you know,  
 Joan will be then as good as June;  
 And Happy he can buy a Link  
 For Love, or Money (*now called Chink.*)

'Fore George, ye'd best to use me well,  
 Or I'll go shine to th' Devil in Hell.  
 And Devil a God of all your Crew  
 But should e'en Troop to Old Nick too,  
 If you'd but Give the Devil his Due.

*The way to become a Philosopher. How many  
 Rare Philosophers have been quite spoiled  
 by Dr. Tyson. — pol me occidistis, Amici.*

**D**Isappointed as I was, in coming to my  
 self again so unexpectedly, yet I cannot  
 but rejoice and triumph in this, that my Mind  
 is now become Illuminated, the Dimness of  
 my Understanding cleared up, all the Film  
 that

*Mortales hebetat visus, —*

wiped away, and the Essence of all things  
 grown Intelligible. The *subtile* Philosophy of  
 F. Malebranch, the *seraphick* Speculations of  
 Mr. Norris, and the *irrefragable* Argumenta-  
 tions of Mr. Dodwel's Epistle; which (I must  
 confess with Shame) appear'd formerly to my  
 weak and dull Brain, in the Shape of visionary  
 Imaginations, double-minded Sophisms, Sha-  
 dows of Eccho, and Sick-men's Dreams, do

now

now put on another Form, and show themselves in the clearest Light, to be as finely deduced, and as strongly coherent as if Truth herself had joined them together by way of Demonstration, as no doubt She has taken that Pains in some Cases.

From this strange Effect and admirable Elucidation of my Intellectual Powers, 'tis a reasonable Conclusion that whoever makes a Visit to the Ideal World, is as sure to return a Philosopher, as he that Dreams upon Parnassus to awake a Poet.

*The great Reason I have to rejoice for the Death of Mr. Scarron. That He would have been the most likely Person to have made a Jest of my Theory, or Travaested it into some whimsical Burlesque, as soon as ever Mr. Boyer shall have finish'd his French Translation.*

I know the Malice of the World, and therefore can well enough foresee that the Honour I shall gain by this elaborate Work, will provoke a great many envious Persons to set upon me, with pretended Answers and real Abuses. This indeed I am little concern'd at, being satisfied that no part of my Theory lies open to the least Objection; and therefore

*See Theory of  
the Intelligible  
W. R. 1. p. 149.*

the only Adversaries I greatly apprehend are your unlucky Drolls, to whom these refined Speculations may appear like Unintelligible Jargon. These Persons being endued with

*See abundance of Places  
in the Sacred, and the  
Ideal, Theories.*

sufficient Ill-Nature, and abundant Leisure-Time from their Business, will probably endeavour, in-

stead of answering my Theory, to turn the most Weighty Parts of it into Comical Conceits, or expose them in some Odd and Humourous Disguise; thereby to Banter Mankind into an Opinion, that 'tis all no more than a mere Fancy, or a kind of Philosophical Romance. I am sorely afraid if an Angel should write such a Theory as this, these Men of Parts would pass the same Judgment upon it, by reason of the Narrowness of their Spirit and Understanding. 'Tis certain, that a pleasant Vein of Railery may sport it self with the noblest Composition, and make the most sublime Truths a Subject of Laughter; and there are a Crew of Little Wits, the very Pest of a Common-wealth, that will be mbling at every thing that's great, and by these I expect to be Dignified with the Title of Visionist, or Enthusiast, only because the Truths I deliver are above their Comprehension. Be it known to them, that whether these, or whatever other Names, they shall chuse in their Great Wisdom, to fit me withal, I shall not think them worth a serious Answer, and to write in their trifling manner is below me.

If any Learned Person shall make an Attempt upon my Book, in a Logical, or a Metaphysical way, he shall be considered; but this, as was said, I don't at all apprehend. If I here express my self with some Assurance, 'tis not that I prefer my Rational Abilities before those of other Men, but it must be consider'd, that I have been *long Con- versant in this kind of Studies*, and therefore may see things in a better Light than they do, though not with better Eyes. Nay, so many thoughtful and solitary Hours, so many nightly Lamps and Lucubrations, have these Studies cost me, that indeed my poor Eyes, what with Age, and what with assiduous Poring, have the one departed this World, and the other almost worn it self out with incessant Grief for the Loss of its Fellow. By this I am accidentally reduced very near to that State of *Illuminating Blindness*, which F. Malebranch had at first recommended to me; and I think therefore 'tis very hard, if by this Time, and with all these Advantages, I may not be allow'd to know something of the matter.

*See Preface to the First Volume of Mr. Norris's Theory.*

*Another.*

*'Another Panegyrick upon my own Performance. An Epitaph upon some of my Abortive Works. The Causes of their Abortion. My Grief and Weepings thereupon. Polyphemi lata Acies. The Beauty of an Excrecence.*

**T**IS with Tears in my Eye, and great Anguish of Mind, that I am going to mention how many Witty Things I have *Judiciously* blotted out; how many Dainty Thoughts and Curious Strokes, I have either cramp'd, or quite erased, tho' it went grievously against my Will, and I could not be so cruel to my own dear Conceptions without a very tender Reluctancy of my Bowels. All this I was forced to in Deference to the Authority of *Milbourn, Dennis, Rymer, &c.* Tyrannical as it is; because tho' the Sentences were extremely fine and beautiful, it *happened* that they were not much to the Purpose. The Reader will see that my Book as now it stands, is remarkable for the same Precise Justness with the Writings of *Virgil*; there



there being nothing that can be taken from either without maiming the whole; nothing that can be added to either without the Deformity of an Excrecence. This is the chief Point, and a very rare Piece of Mastery,

*Never to say too little, nor too much;*

and yet it makes good Mr. Waller's Saying of *us* Poets, that we

*—lose half the Praise we should have got  
Could it be known what we Discreetly blot.*

This is my Case, and to satisfy you that it is, any Gentleman who will please to buy Six of my Books, shall command a Sight of my foul Copy and my *Adversaria*; both to see the Truth of what I am asserting, and to enjoy the Pleasure of those lively Sketches which must now be for ever lost to the World, and for the Loss of which, the World owes but small Thanks to those Cynical Criticks above-noted.

Among

Among other Remarkables, you may see a Panegyrick upon Whip-stitch, Slap-dash, and *Collier's* Essays; another—touching —L—R—'s Council during his Intowerment, and the — of — his *Political* Apostasy from G—B—'s *Religious* Principles. You may see also a smart Saying upon *Wife-acres*, and a charming Phrase for opening an Oyster, both Fire-new; besides two various Lectures of great Importance to History, upon the famous *Garismachides*, a lost Author who is thought to have written nothing. Not one of these shall ever be seen but upon the Conditions proposed, and I am not a Man to be Wheedled out of a Purpose once settled in my Mind; tho' it were to translate *Hickeringil's*, or *Toland's* Works into Latin Verses; any more than to be perswaded out of an Opinion I have once imbraced, tho' it were that *Toland* and *Hickeringil* are both Saints, or either of them a Philosopher.

Why

*Why the Author is so Desirous of being  
thought a Wit, now in his Old Age.  
An Humble Request that the Reader  
would Humour him therein.*

I Am well aware that among Persons who Canvās matters Nicely, and are very Circumspect in putting Things and Things together, it may seem a Problem, how this Edition should so unexpectedly happen to be the Second. And because *Wise Philosophers* are backward to believe what they are unable to comprehend, (as I have frequently found in my own Disputes with the *Socinians, Atheists*, and other *Great Wits*) they will probably imagine, that either the Bookseller, or the Printer, has made some Mistake in the Title-Page as to the Number of Editions; Nay, 'tis not impossible but some unlucky Surmise may fall upon the Author himself, as if he had designed to impose upon the Professors of Title-Page-Learning, upon whose good Opinion he has so great Dependance. And this would ruine his  
Credit

Credit for a Philosopher, by bringing into Question the Truth of his Narration, and those very Positions that are *the Hinges upon which his whole Theory turns*. Now in such a case, 'tis evident the Theory could be of no Benefit to the Common-wealth of Philosophy, nor work its desired Effect upon the Understandings and Opinions of Mankind. It doubtless lies upon me to obviate so grievous a Calamity as this by all Ways and Means that my present Circumstances will bear. Accordingly I declare upon Honour, that had such a Mistake happen'd, either by the Printer's Neglect, or *Librarii Incuria*, it should have been acknowledged in ample Form as the Principal *Erratum*, viz.

*In the Title-Page, instead of Second Edition, lege*

*Tityre, tu Patula-----*

*-----positurque sua puer Iphis lanthe.*

For your farther Satisfaction in the present case, you are to consider that *Second, Third, or Fourth Edition*, &c. among us  
Authors

Authors and our Respective Publishers, are no more than so many Terms of *Art*, which every one has the Liberty of applying to what Meaning, or Idea he shall see convenient; provided he freely explain himself, and make known what that Meaning or Idea is, either by a just Definition, or sufficient Description. In Compliance with which Rule, I shall endeavour to Define, as concisely as may be, that Notion of a Second Edition which in my own Mind I have affixed to the said Term. A Second Edition then is,

*Qualitas quadam Sensibilis, Occulta, Instrumentalis, Bipes, Subjecti sui per Hysteron-Proteron, quodammodo Perfectiva, qua Subjecto ejus Qualitatis capati, ita superveniens, & inharens, ut sit veluti Premissarum Altera, facit ut cui ejus rei, qua hujusmodi subjectum est, naturalis & antecedens inerat Appetentia, in eo generetur Duplum hujus Appetentiae versus idem Objectum, & cui nulla fuerat hujus objecti antecedens Appetentia in illo generetur aliqua, ita ut plerumque consequantur Rei cuiusdam*

U

*jusdam contenta ex continente desumptio, quo fiat ut Objectum illud prædictum in eandem rem aptam natam aliquid continere, demitti possit naturali lege motus præter & propter Fugam vacui.*

This Definition being laid down, there will remain little Difficulty in the Sequel of our Argument; for tho' some Editions never disown themselves for the First, as if they were fond of Primogeniture; yet 'tis evident from the Terms *Duplum* and *Appetentia*, that for a Book to make its first Appearance in the Shape of a *Second Edition*, is a method far more *Auspicious*. This will also save me, or my Publisher the Expence of a new Title-Page to the same Edition, which is commonly found a necessary Expedient for bringing these Affairs to a good Issue.

I am not a going to deny that *Messieurs Gronovius* and *Le Clerk* were very unfortunate to Have this Be rather the Twentieth Edition than the Second, and so to have run down by the Nineteenth, &c. in a direct Line to the First: an Advice which

which notwithstanding all the Reasons they urged, I resolved to reject. I very well saw that it was a Proceeding so much *out of the Way*, and seemingly Extravagant, as would very ill become a Treatise of this nature; besides that, after the repeated Editions should have exceeded the Compass prescribed, and exhausted the Lower or Single Numbers, they must at last either have come to *Nothing*, or divided Unity it self into Innumerable Fractions to have reckoned by; as we see that though a Multitude of streight Lines, all from a single Point, may be produced in *Infinisum*, yet whenever such Lines are contracted into a Point, from any *Indefinite* Distances, if their Occasions Require them to go farther, they are obliged to separate again, and expatiate on the other side in Proportion to their former Contraction. And thus, I think, we have clear'd the Controversy by a plain Demonstration.

N. B. The Reader must not take it ill, if I once again put him in mind of his *Old Engagements* to Secresy; for though this Doctrine touching Editions be imparted to him *as a Friend*, I would not have it go any further for twice the worth of my Copy-money.

*I, fuge, sed poteras tutior esse domi.*

—*Monstror digito pratercuntium,*

—*quod statua taciturnius erro,*

*Et risu populum quatio, risurus & ipse;*

*Quem bis terque bonum cum risu forte*  
*stupebunt*

*Lectorum chorus omnis, inexpletum*  
*Lecturi.*

*Humano capiti cervicem Pictor equinam*  
*Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plu-*  
*mas,*

*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?*

*Va.*



## *Variantes quædam Lectiones.*

The following Various Readings could not conveniently be disposed in their proper Pages, because the Margin would have been too much crowded, and also because we did not receive them till the Book was Printed off.

P. 24. Instead of *all of a sudden*; the Alex. MS. reads *all on a suddain*. Grut. *all on the sudden*. Gembl. and Bruil. and Pal. *of the sudden*. Gulielm. (præ ut videtur) *soding*. Viç. and Manutio. placet *All so done*.

P. 28. Stanza 1. Bodl. reads  
*And listen to this merry Song,*  
*A mere Round O of Lovers.*

St. 11. Id. Bodl.  
*And fain won'd travail Bed-ward.*

St. 22. Bodl. and Pemb.

*But Nan grew wroth,  
And claiming both,  
Kiss'd Duke as much as Aaron.*

St. 24. Ascon. Pæd. and Cujac.

*Where's my Nic fled?*

Lamb.

*Where's my Nic led?*

Hot. and Steph.

*O Nicolas, Nicolas, where's my Niking!*

*Quo' Kate the Taylor's Dafter;  
And kiss'd so mainly to her liking,  
She scarce cou'd hold her Wafter.*

St. Camb.

*—————so wistful  
Fired with his Charms and Graces;  
'Tis said that, if she were a Pistol,  
She wou'd go off in Face his.*

Cujac. and Alex. and all the lost MSS. read

*Fly off in Phys his.*

St. 33. Codices Impressi fere omnes  
habent.

*And tore her Colf to rags.*

Bemb.

Bemb. legit

*And tore her Pinner off.*

Quod placuit etiam *Hotomano*, sed nobis  
videtur non admittendum.

35. Alb.

*But kiss'd like old Queen Dido.*

Quod videtur durum & parum probabile.

39. Multi MSS

*In all Our Town.*

Page 75. Bodl.

*Jove was just then at Ev'n and Odd, as is  
The Sport 'mongst Gods and their Fine  
Goddeses.*

79. Turneb. legit

*The Goddess-ship of her Virginity,  
Or Maidenhead of her Divinity.*

Idem in the *Kentish* Petition, P. 127. leg.

*When Venus I invoked with Tears,  
Venus was DUNNY to my Pray'rs.*

Idem, P. 113. For *Vatum* *Gracorum*, leg.

*Vatum Grajugenum.*

*Errata.*

## E R R A T A.

Notwithstanding the great Care that has been used in Correction, the following *Errata* have escaped the Press; which you are therefore desired to *rectify with your Pen*.

**I**N the Table of Contents, N. XXVII. r. *as* apparently tending. N. XXXII. instead of *Hacceity*, r. *Humility*. N. XXXVI. instead of *the Emperors*, r. *Cæsar of H—— and Aug—s of S——*. N. XXXVII. instead of *Mr. Wotton*, r. *the very Learned Mr. Wootton*.

Page 1. instead of *the Ground of a Satyrical Fable*, r. *The Subject of an Epick Poem*, or any thing else that you shall think better. For *an Intelligible*, r. *an Unintelligible manner*. P. 2. *System of Things—supply i. e. Ideas*. I might say  
the

the Shadows—Add—as a Man's Face is the Shadow of its Representative in the Looking-Glass. P. 4. For whoſo is Simple let him turn in hither, r. Whoſo is VERY SIMPLE, &c. For we ſhould loſe even Senſe it ſelf, r. loſe our Senſes. To not feeling thoſe we touch, add, nor underſtanding what we talk of. P. 8. To the Idea of a Thing is intelligibly that Thing, add, as the Idea of an Idea is Intelligibly that Idea; and ſo likewise vice verſa a Thing or Object is Senſibly its own Idea. P. 9. To ſo hard to underſtand, add, except what ought to be Unintelligible for the ſake of explaining ſomething elſe. P. 19. For Learned Reader, lege, Gentle Reader. P. 27. For my Brother Touchin, read, Tutchin. P. 33. St. r.

Good ſooth it wou'd  
Have done one Good, &c.

P. 73. The Words *What we have been diſcourſing of being Equivocal*, and therefore very Fine, you are deſired to Read them in *Italick Letters*, though not Printed ſo.

P. 97.

P. 97. The Translation of

*Damnosa quid non, &c.*

is thus to be supply'd,

Our Grandfires they were *Papists*,  
Our Fathers *Oliverians*;  
*Their Bearn*s, 'tis said, are *Atheists*,  
*Ours* must be *Curfed Queer ones*!

P. 117. r. *pushing him forward sometimes out of Ideal Eagerness, and sometimes treading upon his Intelligible Heels.*

P. 142. After *Exert his whole Eloquence*, add, *Quote all the Fathers.* P. 148. r.

*Insanos inter.* P. 114. In the Margin, For *If we had not an Innate Idea of a Circle*, r. *If the eternal Idea of a Circle were not presented to our Minds by and in God, so as to be inwardly seen by us, &c.*

I am obliged to retract the word *Innate*, or at least to Advertise my Reader that it is not to be strictly understood in this, and other Places where it recurs, having found since my writing those  
Passa-

Passages, that Mr. *Norris* rejects it. Nevertheless the Absurdity of his Notions will easily fall in with that of *Innate* Ideas, and bear the Representation I have here made of the Ideal World.

*Valete & Plaudite.*

ΕΥΧΑΡΙΣΤΙΑΝ καὶ ἰνδουλμοναίαν.

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*FINIS.*

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